THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXV.—No. 1623

JANUARY 22, 1935

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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"THE lives and loves of the great have probably kept more pens busy than any other subject since the dawn of history. But how pitifully few of these records end in anything resembling the normal ideal of happiness!

"When, therefore, the historian comes across a story like that of Maria Gonzaga, Duchess of Monferrato, in the early seventeenth century, he is conscious of a sense of almost triumphant relief. For here is a tale to delight all hearts, in the best and fullest romantic tradition.

"'The noble house of Gonzaga,' says an old Italian writer, 'forgetful of its ancient valour and wisdom, had given itself up to luxury and intemperance. Three brothers had successively filled the ducal chair of Mantua, and each had distinguished himself, not by restoring any vigour to a decaying line, but by introducing new modes and forms of vice.'

"A severe enough indictment, but well merited.

"In those turbulent times, Italy was composed of a number of petty states, each with its ruling family. Frequently the castles of these feudal dukes and princes became the courts of despots wherein there could be no right of appeal against arrogance and tyranny of the worst order. One such despot was Francesco, eldest of the three brothers referred to. With his accession to the duchies of Mantua and Monferrato began the decline of the house of Gonzaga. Francesco proved a vicious scoundrel whose sole aim was the gratification of his desires by means of the vast wealth at his disposal. His wretched wife, after many years of ill-treatment, finally died in giving birth to their daughter, Maria. Very shortly after Francesco himself was dead, and the way lay clear for his brother Ferdinando to assume the titles. This he did with typical unscrupulousness, styling himself Duke of Mantua and Monferrato, in spite of the fact that the Duchy of Monferrato should now belong, in her own right, to the Infant Maria. This situation, being likely to give rise to the most annoying complications, he took immediate steps to deal with it. . .

* * *

"When she had composed herself a little, Maria went out into the garden to await the carriage which was to take her to Mantua. She had not been there long before a voice called softly '*Highness!*'

"The next moment a man stepped out from behind one of the stone buttresses.

"'I beg of you, Highness, do not be alarmed. I am a friend who wishes only to warn and to help you.'

"Maria stared at him, speechless.

"Then, why do you call me 'Highness'? she whispered.

"The man smiled, revealing flashing teeth that enhanced his dark good looks. He was young, well made, and carried himself with distinction, though his clothing was plain and unpretentious. 'I shall tell you.'

"He led her to a seat in the shadow of the wall. His touch was gentle but masterful, and she followed him obediently.

"'You must listen carefully, for I have to speak quickly. My time is short. And you must trust me. You must believe implicitly that I am telling you the truth because I wish to help you.'

"She nodded dumbly, her eyes fixed on his face.

"Glancing round to make sure he was unobserved, the young man launched into rapid explanation of the deception that had been practised on Maria. When she would have protested that she had no wish to be a duchess, he silenced her, for he had much to tell.

"With the accession of the last Gonzaga in the direct line, she had become a personage of much importance and was coveted in marriage by three princes—the Duke of Rhetel, Prince Ferrand of Guastalla, and, most powerful of all, Duke Vincenzo, *her uncle*, whose coach was now on its way to fetch her. . .

* * *

"She was conducted, on arrival, to the banqueting hall, where the duke and his dissolute court were at meat. On the threshold she paused, bewildered at the scene confronting her. She saw tables piled with gold and silver plate, fragments of food and overturned bottles from which the wine dripped on to the floor in crimson pools. Around them, in every stage of drunkenness and abandon, lolled the gorgeously clad courtesans and parasites of the Court.

"When the duke rose and came towards her, her first sensation was one of profound relief. This was no hideous ogre, but a graceful and handsome man, who greeted her with disarming courtesy.

"Only, as he approached and she saw him more closely, her reassurance faded abruptly. Here was a face so ravaged by vice that it resembled that of an old man, and his eyes, belying the smiling mouth, were cold and evil as a snake's. His near presence affected her with such horror that she had to force herself to stand her ground and not run from him, screaming . . ."

You'll enjoy every word of it—"The Romance of Maria di Monferrato," written by Nina Warner Hooke. Illustrated by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

There are these to read, too:

HOW TIMES *DO* CHANGE: . . . No. 1: Schools.
"A DEBT OF HONOUR": *by Richard Keverne.*
INTO THE ROBOT AGE: *by C. Patrick Thompson.*
A GENTLEMAN FROM PERSIA: *by Harry J. Greenwall.*
TWO-DAY STUDIO TOUR: *by Margaret Chute.*
"THE BELLOWING DEVIL": *by C. T. Stoneham.*
"ORANGE BLOSSOM": *by Joseph Shearing.*
THE SÛRETÉ AT BAY: *by Ferdinand Tuohy.*
"BIG NEWS": *by Hannen Swaffer.*
"THE PAINTING OF THE MASK": *by Princess Paul Troubetzkoy.*
HELP FOR HOME DECORATORS: *by Winifred Lewis.*
HEALTH AND BEAUTY: *by "Chrysis."*
RADIO FOR MODERN ROOMS.
WALLPAPERS ARE VERSATILE: some 1935 designs.
OLD TALES RE-TOLD: The Romance of Maria di Monferrato: *by Nina Warner Hooke. Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.*
"FIFTY YEARS AGO": *by A. A. H. Beaman.*
BOOKS REVIEWED: *by Arnold Palmer.*
FIVE-MINUTE HEALTH EXERCISES for busy Women.
A LEADER OF FASHION: *by Jean Burnup.*
OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES: "The Barretts"—the Essex Home of Miss Dodie Smith.
I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW: *by Mary Young.*
PUT YOUR KITCHEN IN UNIFORM: *by Audrey Hughes.*
INDOOR GARDENS: *by D. E. Bennam.*
PAPER PATTERN SERVICE FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.
NURSERY PUDDINGS WITH A DASH: *by A. H. Adair.*
THE BEST DISHES FROM OTHER COUNTRIES—AMERICAN.
MY COOK SAYS: *by Anne Drewe.*
MOTORING SECTION: *conducted by the Earl of Cardigan.*

OH! YOU MUST GET . . . BRITANNIA AND EVE

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The Bystander, January 22, 1935 No. 1623. Vol. CXXV.

The BYSTANDER

Houston Rogers

MARGARET RAWLINGS

Who plays one of the three gold-diggers in "The Greeks Had a Word For It," a review of which appears on page 138. Last week-end she had the rare experience of playing in three different theatres on consecutive nights. On Saturday last she was at the Duke of York's; on Sunday she was playing in "Old Bailey," at the Westminster; and on Monday she appeared at the Cambridge Theatre, where "The Greeks Had a Word For It" has been transferred. Miss Rawlings is a much-travelled actress, having performed in America and Canada, Australia and Paris, in addition to London and the provinces

ROUNDABOUT...

Mr. Douglas Stephenson At Home in Kent

Left: Mr. Douglas Stephenson was photographed at White Walls, his home in Kent. He is England's "Corset King," being managing director of the Charnaux Company, which he started in 1930, and having now become chairman of the new Gossard concern

The Hon. Esmé Glyn

Lord Wolverton's sister was photographed at Blenheim Palace, where she was staying with the Duke of Marlborough. Lord Dudley, Count Paul Munster, Captain the Hon. Lionel Montagu, and Mr. Ronald Tree, M.P., were the other guns

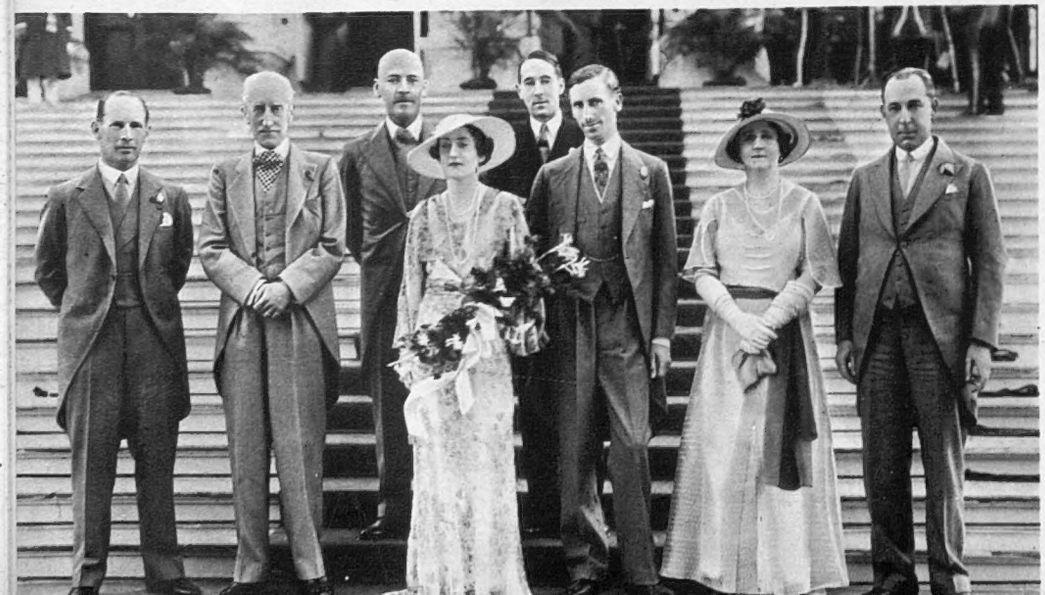
Royalty at Brioni

Left: Prince Michael of Rumania, Princess Helena of Rumania, his mother, Prince Christopher of Greece, Princess Irene of Greece, and Prince Paul of Greece at the Brioni polo ground

Two Specialists

Above: Miss Jackie Hance, the well-known show rider, and Mrs. Jim Mollison, who rides as well as flies, were photographed at Malvern, where there is a famous riding school

Mr. C. Heber-Percy, joint-Master of the Cotswold, and his wife at the children's meet at Foxcote



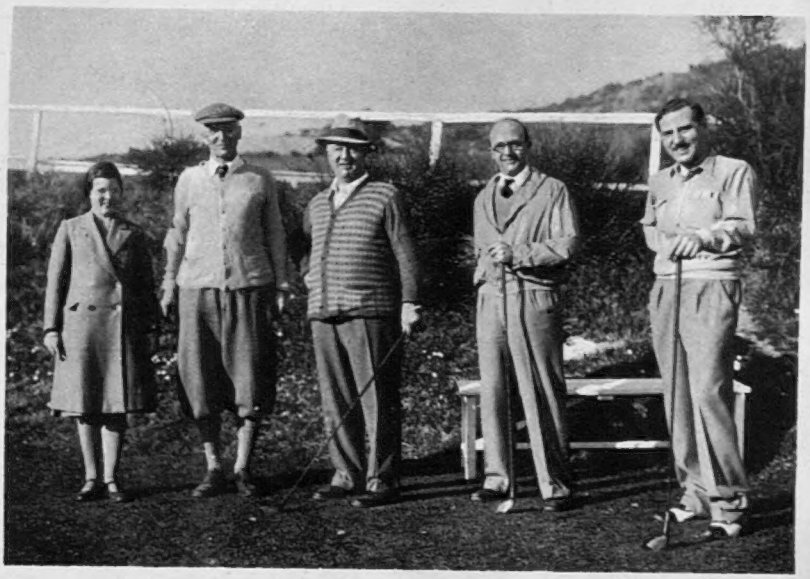
Left: a group taken at Calcutta after the wedding of Captain O. C. Smith-Bingham, 17th-21st Lancers, A.D.C. to the Viceroy, and Mrs. Vera Foley, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Johnson. In the group are ex-King George of Greece, Lord Willingdon, the bride and bridegroom, Lady Willingdon, Sir John Anderson, Governor of Bengal, and, behind, Major Muir, Military Secretary to the Viceroy, and Lord Ronaldshay, the best man

In the Monte Carlo Sun

Mr. and Mrs. John Goodenday, who have been entertaining a lot at Monte Carlo since they went out there a week or two ago, were photographed on the terrace

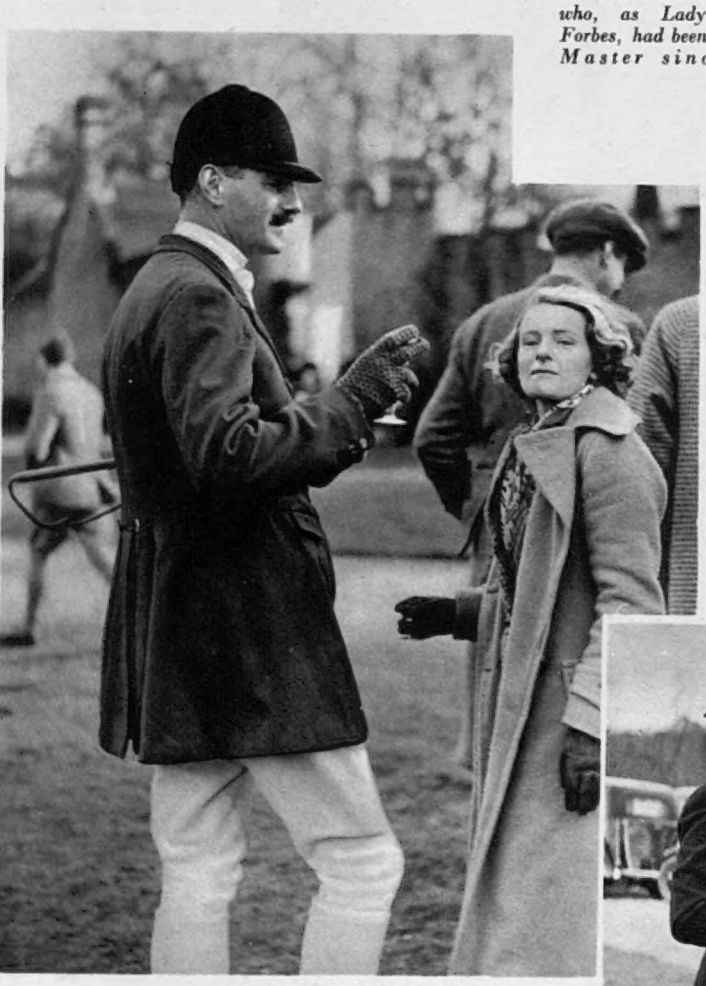
The Countess of Dumfries, Master of Harriers

Lady Dumfries has just become joint-Master of the Co. Longford Harriers, in succession to her sister, the Comtesse de Brantes, who, as Lady Moira Forbes, had been a joint-Master since 1930



Sir John Simon on the Riviera

Sir John Simon was at Monte Carlo before he went to Geneva for the League Council Meeting. With him in this Mont Agel group are Miss Patricia Manning, Mr. Reginald Purbrick, M.P., and the latter's son



The Crawley and Horsham After-the-Ball Meet

Above are the Hon. Guy Cubitt, M.F.H., talking to Mrs. T. C. Dundas. On the right are the Hon. Mrs. Walter Burrell with her daughter Penelope, and her twin babies, Raymond and Rona, and Mr. J. P. Hornung, at whose house, West Grinstead Park, the meet was held after the hunt ball. Mr. Hornung is a well-known owner and breeder, and a member of the Jockey Club

And So To Austria . . .

A First Who's Who From Kitzbühl

A Marquise and Her Escort

The Marquise Melchior de Polignac, whose husband is one of France's champagne kings, is American, and was Nina Crosby, of New York. Peter Watson, who is with her, is a brother of Sir Norman Watson, the explorer

Mrs. Frederick Home

Mrs. Home, who is looking out on a snowstorm from the Grand Hotel, is the wife of Captain Frederick Home, of the Coldstream Guards

Mrs. Leander McCormick

Right: Mrs. Leander McCormick and her husband are planning to make a permanent home at Kitzbühl, and are building a châlet for themselves. They already have a rented one where they entertain largely

Miss Sonia Converse

Sonia Converse is spending three months at Kitzbühl, and very nice too. She is waiting for the "saladier," as the rather alarming aerial railway is called

Right: Mme. Provotoroff, in a cream waterproof wind-jacket, is also waiting to make a "saladier" trip up the mountain

Mme. Wladimir Provotoroff

Miss Tunie Karri-Davies

Is completely Tyrolean in her ski-ing outfit, hat, white homespun jacket, plus fours and all. She is Colonel and Mrs. Karri-Davies' younger daughter

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 86

Lady Bridget Poulett

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

LADY BRIDGET POULETT is the most charmingly miserable girl in London. Not that she enjoys being unhappy. She takes life, gossip, and gossip-writers very earnestly; far too earnestly, in fact. Three times out of seven she will cry her eyes out when she gets home—which, she assures one, makes them a most elegant green instead of the smoky grey which is their normal colour. She first "came out" in 1929—and then voluntarily went in again. I have never heard of another débutante doing that. But she was still more easily upset at the age of seventeen, which is all she was.

Then she appeared again and, with Margaret Whigham, was asked to appear in every tableau in London. Indeed, no charity ball or matinée was complete without them. Bridget did not do this for publicity. She did it for the very nice reason that she thought it was her most useful way of helping charities; which, indeed, it was. Numbers of country cousins and others paid up their guineas manfully to see her dressed as a topaz or the spirit of Florence Nightingale, or something.

LET me say at once that she is a very, very pretty girl, with a Cupid's-bow mouth, an exquisite figure, long, slender legs, delightful enthusiasms, large eyes set slightly aslant, a milky skin, and, above all, a naïveté which is extremely refreshing. She and George Poulett are the most devoted brother and sister in London. They are always around together. Her father died of double pneumonia, following war wounds, at the age of thirty-four. Her mother is very much alive. Bridget lives either in Lyall Street, Eaton Square, or the family place at Hinton St. George, in Somerset. She gets up every day at nine-thirty, never smokes a cigarette, never touches alcohol from one end of the year literally until the next (for she makes an exception of the Chelsea Arts Ball on December 31st), never eats meat, and alternates between the talkies and walks in the Park with her Aberdeen, Rags. She is very self-analytical, worries unduly over what people say to her or about her, and, as I say, is very easily upset. She says that if she had Barbara Mdivani's money she would hire private detectives to report on various people's movements after dark (no names, no pack drill). . . . One of the few places at which she likes to stay for the week-end is Leeds Castle. She doesn't hunt, and has given up lawn tennis. Instead, she reads historical novels, and is rather sentimental.

After all, most people marry for love, a title or money. She has a courtesy title of her own. She won't marry for money. And the fact that she is still Lady Bridget Poulett merely shows that she has not yet fallen in love.

Cats on the Tiles

"The Greeks Had a Word For It" (Duke of York's)

I APOLOGISE. I fully realise that this play should have received attention some time ago, but it happened that in a welter of new productions *The Greeks Had a Word For It* somehow got overlooked, so that I only saw this play after it had been running for some weeks.

But was that a disadvantage? As a matter of fact, if critics could avoid first nights with their excitements, second nights with their reactions, and only saw plays some time after the run had started, I believe they would get a far better idea of the merits and demerits of a production.

Of course, between a first night and a delayed visit rumours are bound to reach one's ear. I was told, for instance, that *The Greeks Had a Word For It* was "hot stuff." Having painful recollections of *It Happened to Adam*, the play previously staged at this theatre, which was rightly so designated but went off the boil in three nights or so, I wondered again why a stupid public rejects one dose of vulgarity and accepts another.

BUT having seen *The Greeks, etc.*, I realised my mistake. The public are not so stupid, after all. *It Happened to Adam* was dirty and unamusing, while *The Greeks, etc.*, is extremely amusing, never dirty, and rather amoral than immoral. It is true that the author, Zoe Akins, has chosen for her principal characters three contrasted types of gold-digging prostitutes, but it should be remembered that in the higher flights of easy virtue these have a position to maintain, and are often far more ladylike than ladies themselves.

Thus in this choice of characters the author avoids muddy ground, and where she again shows cleverness is in realising that when the three protagonists are together and can indulge in the joyous freedom of quarrelling, their unrestrained language need only be suggested, and is therefore more effective. Not for her ears the Miltonian exhortation: "On with the fight Let words be unrestrained." Only once did I hear a word used which is professionally connected with the kennels, and then it was not only artistically necessary, but all the more effective because of previous restraint.

Then, again, the professional side of the three ladies is but little stressed, for men don't count much in this play, most of the time being spent in the actions and reactions of the three female friends, who seem to revel in fighting for the joy of making it up again. As played by Hermione and Angela Baddeley, with Margaret Rawlings to round off the party, they make a memorable trio, and the team-work of these three has much to do with the success of the play.

Their final scene, when one of the trio is going to be married and they drink glass after glass of champagne, until the bride (who started later) gets as merry as the other two and then decides that her elderly groom can be kept waiting for ever, is not only extremely funny but, strangely enough, singularly void of offence.

The Greeks Had a Word For It has now migrated to the Cambridge Theatre, where, if I mistake not, that great truth uttered in the play, "Some damned teetotaller invented half-bottles," will be heard for many a night to come.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Sketches by Rouson

Above: the appearance of Jean (Margaret Rawlings) as a blushing and virginal bride produces contemptuous hilarity from her gold-digging bosom friends, Polaire (Hermione Baddeley) and Schatze (Angela Baddeley)

Below: Jean (Margaret Rawlings) puts on her famous undressing act for the benefit of Justin Emery (Fewlass Llewellyn), to the horror of Schatze (Angela Baddeley), David Emery (Clive Morton), and Polaire (Hermione Baddeley)

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Mrs. Robert Bingham, Jr.

Mrs. Robert Bingham is the American Ambassador's daughter-in-law. She was lunching with Mrs. Leo Kessel at Claridge's, and wearing a black astrakhan Cossack cap, and a coat of the same fur, with a mink collar

Miss Peggy Johnston

Peggy Johnston is the daughter of Mr. Percy Johnston, the well-known owner. She was just off to St. Moritz to recuperate after her operation for appendicitis

Lady Malcolm, Mr. Boulanger, and Lady Tredegar

Left: the trio on the left, Lady Malcolm, Mr. Boulanger and Lady Tredegar were sketched having lunch at the Bon Viveur

Right: A. P. Herbert and his cigar were held at attention by Douglas Byng, who sang at the Alec Waughs' big party at the Savoy

A. P. Herbert

Listen...

WHILE admitting that she is very lovely, we have always considered her barely half-witted. Nevertheless, we must hand it to her, as she does get away with it—two rich husbands, and now a most eligible boy friend.

•

WE sincerely hope that this charming young man—who cannot be half as simple as he looks—will watch his step, as we hear the husband is not at all amused. Although it is no concern of ours, we think it would be a very good thing if our young friend packed up his troubles in his old kit-bag and did a bunk, because we cannot believe that he is really serious.

•

MAYBE we are getting old and blasée, but we must say that we think there is singularly little wit flying round the West End these days, and while we must be grateful to unconsciously funny people like Mosley, Hore-Belisha, and the Churchills, we cannot regard them as wits in the true sense of the word.

•

THE trouble with our humorists is that the majority of them, like Mr. Beaton and Mr. Sutro, try too hard, while recognised comedians are nearly always bores off the stage. The two men who make us laugh most consistently are "Eddie" Tatham and Hubert Duggan; while, of our women friends, Norah Stewart Brown has the most delicious sense of humour of anyone we know.

•

THE Weissmullers were positively embarrassing when they were in London a few weeks ago, so keen were they to show the world how much they were in love. Now she has filed her petition for divorce. And these are the kind of people we're expected to get excited about, and young men and women actually stand for hours in the rain or the snow just to catch a glimpse of them as they drive from the Ritz to the Dorchester.

•

SUCH a song and dance takes place when any marriage goes phut—and, quite frankly, we're bored stiff with the pentagonal affair which has monopolised conversation during the past week or two—that people forget the number of couples (yes, and quite smart ones, too) who are living respectably—and even happily—in our very midst.

STARTING at the very top of the tree, we have seldom seen a better suited pair than Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor Channon. Her Ladyship thinks that her husband hasn't an equal, and Mr. Channon would never contradict a lady.

•

THEIR friends, the Charlie Cavendishes, always appear to be in a state of complete married bliss; while the Sweenys and the Smileys are by-words for marital happiness. Fond mothers with little Glorias dandling on their knees explain that, one day, if they are very good, they will have a fine husband like Sir Hugh, and the little beasts never sleep a wink all night, as is the way of children when they are over-excited.

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 8.

Lady Catherine Willoughby

A VERY swell wedding will be that of "outdoor girl" Lady Catherine Willoughby and Mr. John Ramsden. Lady Catherine could take any man we know on at tennis, swimming, or even polo, with a very reasonable chance of success. But from this you must not run away with the idea that she is one of those hearty, masculine girls, because, if you did, you couldn't be more wrong. Lady Catherine has good looks and any amount of real feminine charm, and masses of friends of both sexes. She is the sort of girl that women like to make a best friend of, that chaps like to confide in, and parents like their sons to marry. From this, you may have gathered that John Ramsden is a pretty lucky fellow.

ANOTHER divinely happy couple are the John Masons. When they got engaged, people said, "I wonder if that *will last," in the charming way people have when they hope it won't. But we know of no more successful marriage. Moreover, they are not so much all over one another that they're bores to go out with. Far from it—they're great fun.*

•

ANOTHER batch of successful marriages are the Weymouths, the Stavordales, the Philip Dunnes, and the Arthur Smith-Binghams. The last-named two husbands are known as the "lucky boys of Warwickshire"—a well-deserved term, as their wives are charming and very lovely into the bargain.

•

WE think that we must be just about the only people who have not seen the famous poem which caused such a stir in a hunting country, but so many versions of it have been circulating London that we shouldn't believe it to be the right one unless it bore the author's signature—and we think we are unlikely to see that. Of one thing we are absolutely certain—and that is that he wishes he hadn't written it.

•

WE town-bred girls are at a loss to know what all the fuss is about. We don't go off the deep end when anyone suggests that we touch up our faces, so why should the foxes get upset?

•

WE are very pleased that the Dorchester have sacked "Les Girls," and substituted for them some very clever turns, as we always found the former rather tiresome. Don't think we were jealous, but chaps are difficult enough to keep, in all conscience, and you'll admit it is a little peeving to hear your best gink has been seen going into Cartier's with a woman from Kansas City with tow-coloured hair and a voice like tearing calico.

•

WE hate to have to tell you that those comfortable seats at the Plaza are by no means as dark as you thought. Far be it from us to give you away, but you must thank your lucky stars that some people we could name were not sitting behind you. The fat would *have been in the fire!*

Peter North

Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald

Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald was Veronica Villiers before her marriage in 1929; she is the daughter of the late Ernest Villiers, M.P., and her husband is the only son of Desmond Fitz John Lloyd FitzGerald, the twenty-seventh knight of Glin. The family place is Glin Castle, Co. Limerick. The Desmond FitzGeralds have two daughters; their London house is Upper Fielde, Park Street

Below: the Countess Bosdari

Countess Bosdari is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bendir, who own Medmenham Abbey, the famous house on the river near Marlow, and are well-known in the racing world as owners and breeders. Countess Bosdari herself goes around a lot both in London and Paris, and has done a considerable amount of mannequin work

Bassano

Photographic Faces

Three Good-Looking Marrieds

Lady Radnor was married in 1922; she was Helene Adeane, and is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adeane. She has five children, two sons, of whom the eldest is the eight-year-old Viscount Folkestone, and three daughters, Jane, Belinda and Phœbe. The Radnors spend most of their time in the country; their place is Longford Castle, near Salisbury, and they have another house down there. Lord Radnor is Lord Warden of the Stanneries

Peter North

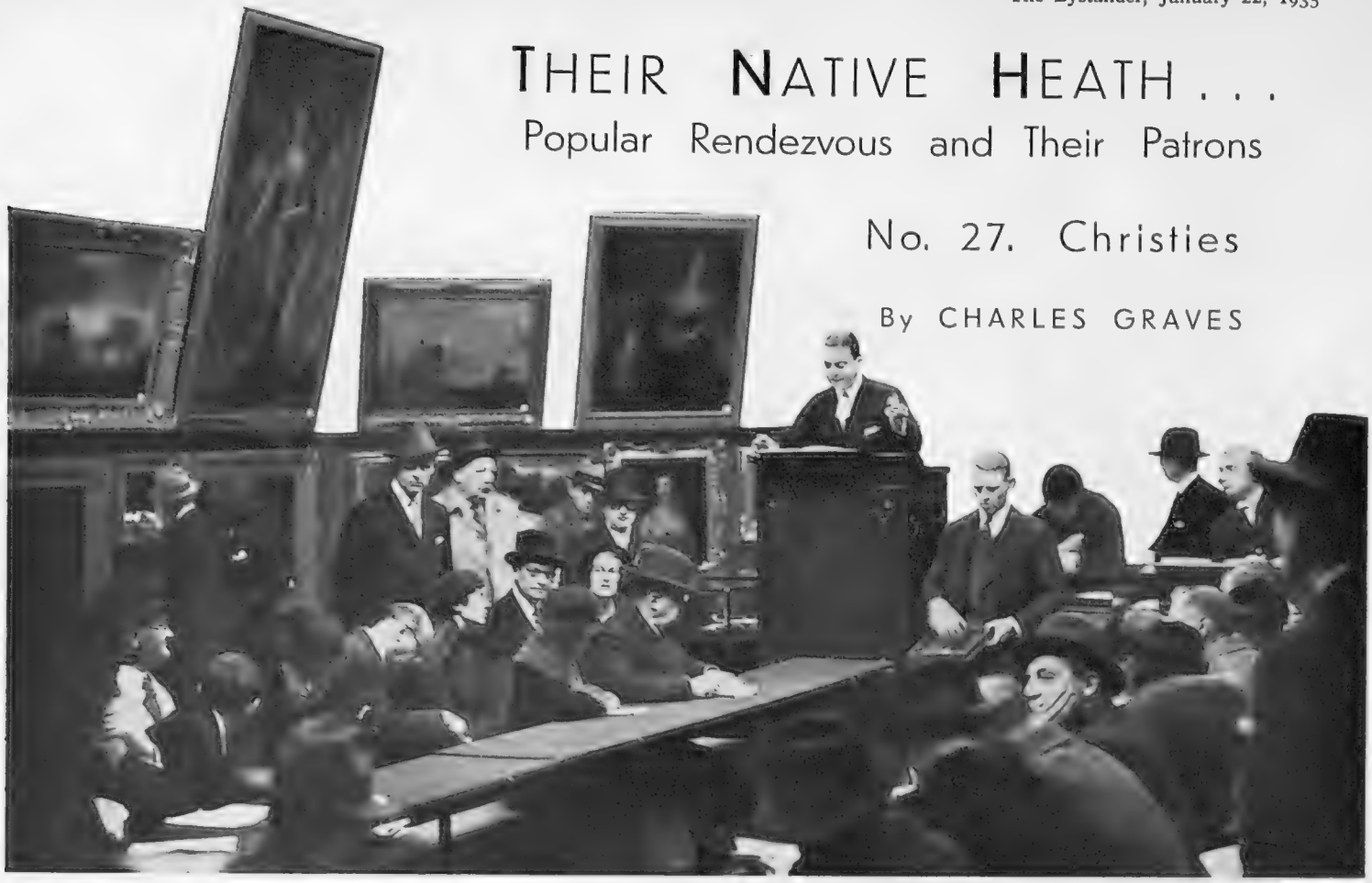
The Countess of Radnor

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 27. Christies

By CHARLES GRAVES



An Important Sale at Christies

A photograph of the sale-room taken during the auction of jewels which had belonged to the Empress Josephine, Napoleon Bonaparte's wife, Gordon Hannen, son of the head of the firm, is in the rostrum

Sooner or later, everybody who is anybody goes to Christies, either out of curiosity or to buy or to sell.

As you walk up the wide, shallow staircase flanked by those tall Corinthian oak pillars, your nose can often tell you what is under the hammer that day—from that nice, warm, dusty library smell, hinting of priceless first folios, to that admirable aroma which suggests infinite possibilities in the way of vintage ports and peerless burgundies.

Christies is over a century and a half old, having been founded in 1766, the year when the Old Pretender died. A link with this is the small ivory hammer still used by the head of the firm, Mr. Lance Hannen. In its time it must have knocked down millions upon millions of pounds. Indeed, it has worn quite a hole in the leaf of wood which projects from the old Chippendale rostrum. It has no handle, being just the head of the original hammer. The chief wielder of it is Mr. Lance Hannen, the best auctioneer in the world. His persuasive voice, his keen eyes, and his personality can turn a stone-cold group of experts into a hot-headed lot of schoolboys. Goodness knows how he does it. The time has long passed since an auctioneer at Christies would say: "Let me entreat you, ladies and gentlemen. Permit me to put this inestimable piece of elegance under your protection. Only observe . . . the inexhaustible munificence of your superlatively candid generosity must harmonise with the refulgent brilliance of this little jewel." All he is allowed by etiquette to do nowadays is to give the number in the catalogue and ask for bids. Yet it is amazing what Mr. Hannen, Senior, can do with such wretched material. Tall, thin, and spectacled, he rowed No. 2 in the Cambridge boat. To-day he strokes buyers from all over the world.

His son, Gordon Hannen, has inherited a great deal of his father's charm in the rostrum. He has noticeably large eyes, great quickness of concentration, and always keeps the crowd in a good temper. He takes the big jewel-and-silver sales and keeps the bids going fast and furiously.

Mr. Terence McKenna is the best-looking partner in the firm, with obstinately curly hair and a real film-star smile. He is a cousin both of Compton Mackenzie and Stephen McKenna. Sir Henry Floyd, who joined the firm after the war, is dark and moustached. He uses the little ivory hammer with great vigour. When he has the time, he hunts with the Cottesmore and looks as though he has only just stepped into mufti out of Hussar's uniform. He used to be Equerry to the Duke of Gloucester. Charles Brocklehurst owns Pelorus Jack and is the youngest partner. He is the silver expert, and a very nice fellow. One must further include Sir Alec Martin, the brilliant, rather stubby, technical adviser on all the pictures which come up for sale. He is a trustee of the Wallace Collection, and a close friend of the Prime Minister. There is also Smith, the vociferous white-moustached sales clerk, who has been

"The Specious Orator"

The eighteenth-century auctioneer: R. Dighton's picture, dated 1794, is reproduced, as is the Max Beerbohm drawing on the opposite page, by kind permission of Christies

"The Fourth Red Cross Sale, 1918," by Max Beerbohm

with the firm since the early 'nineties. He knows the face of every buyer in London.

It may be the Duveens or the Agnews; it may be Fred Menzies of Knoedlers', who is always game for an "eye-able" picture; or short, chubby George Durlacher, who will be in the market for old bronzes and fifteenth-century objets d'art; or Frank Partridge, looking out for Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Chinese porcelain, tapestries, and needlework; or Gutekunst and Mayer, of Colnaghi's, the long and the short of it, hoping to pick up outstanding etchings or Old Masters' drawings; or Arthur Ellis, wondering where all the fine prints have got to; or Moss Harris, seeing what fine French and English furniture is coming up; or Francis Mallet, ready to buy anything really good, from a tall-boy to an important jewel; or Lionel Crichton and Walter Willson, the outstanding buyers of fine silver to-day; or Adolf Weil, looking for pearls; or Felix Joubert, wanting some more armour; or Fred Ward and the brothers Drayson, estimating the fine jewels at the diamond sales; or Percy Webster, the man who specialises in clocks; or Rochelle Thomas, looking for another fine piece of china for the place of honour in his shop-window, next door; or the veteran Ernest Permain, who buys for the American millionaires.

Smith knows all the professional buyers and the others as well. Lady Howe always seems to be in and out of the place. Sir Philip Sassoon arrives in a hurry, leaves in a hurry, and returns in a still greater hurry. Mr. James Thursby-Pelham, who looks like a county squire, except that he is so well dressed, saunters down regularly from Arthur's to see if he can add to his private collection of English furniture in Cadogan Gardens. Another veteran and esteemed habitué is Mr. R. M. Walker, a reticent old gentleman who knows all that is to be known about early objets d'art. If ever there is a drawing by J. M. W. Turner up for sale you can be sure of seeing Mr. R. W. Lloyd, who collects them. Lord Lee of Fareham, full of quiet dignity, is also an habitué. Lord Bearsted has a Catholic taste, veering from early Flemish to sporting pictures. Even if he were at the other end of the world, Sir William Burrell would hurry back for any fine early French tapestries. Bearded Lord D'Abernon, who has forgotten more about the art of living than many of us will ever learn, often makes an appearance. His wife is still one of the most beautiful women alive. When he was still Sir Edgar Vincent out at our Embassy, years ago, at Constantinople, they were so good-looking that everyone called them Swan and Edgar. If you see a brown bowler hat during a wine sale, the odds are heavily in favour of it belonging to Mr. James Baird, once Master of the Cottesmore. Messrs. Ernest and Cecil Raphael are always around, ready to buy anything, from an Old Master to a fine cigar.

Best of all, you may see eighty-eight-year-old Mr. Lloyd, who, only the other day, laid down a pipe of port for himself.

Yes, the big, high, octagonal room, with its red baize lining on the walls, its six arc lights, and its skylights, has seen a lot of celebrities in its day. There was the afternoon when a bid of twenty-eight thousand pounds was elicited for the Portland Vase. There was the Holford Sale, which realised the world's record total of four hundred and sixteen thousand pounds.

Wisely, in January Christies have no sales. Income tax and super-tax and rates are too overpowering. In a few days' time, though, they will be starting again to remind us that the chief prerogative of money is its ability to buy authentic loveliness.

Key ("for posterity—and others") of Max Beerbohm's picture:

1. Mr. James Pryde. 2. Mr. C. H. Shannon. 3. Mr. Ricketts. 4. Mr. Conrad. 5. Mr. Anderson. 6. Sir C. Phillips. 7. Sir J. M. Barrie. 8. Mr. Gosse. 9. Lord Spencer. 10. Lord Lansdowne. 11. Mr. Harry Higgins. 12. Lord Ribblesdale. 13. Lord Harcourt. 14. Quartermaster Walker. 15. Sir Charles Russell. 16. Lady Wernher. 17. Mr. Egan Mew. 18. Professor Tonks. 19. Sir F. Swettenham. 20. Mr. McEvoy. 21. Mr. E. V. Lucas. 22. Mr. Sutro. 23. Mr. L. Binyon. 24. Mr. M. Hewlett. 25. Mr. Croal Thomson. 26. Mr. ——— ———. 27. Mr. P. W. Steer. 28. Mr. W. Rothenstein. 29. Mr. Nevinson. 30. Mr. Campbell Gordon. 31. Mr. Lance Hannon. 32. Mr. D. S. MacColl. 33. Mr. ——— ———. 34. Sir Lionel Cust. 35. Sir Sidney Colvin. 36. Sir Ernest Cassel. 37. Sir A. W. Pinero. 38. Lord Curzon. 39. Mr. G. Du Maurier. 40. Sir Jeremiah Coleman. 41. Mr. Augustine Birrell. 42. Sir A. Mond. 43. Mr. William Nicholson.

Sun and Moon

Shining on St. Moritz

A Moonlight (and Candlelight) Dinner at Corviglia

Mme. Sokal, Lord Warwick, Mrs. "Gussie" Miesegaes and Lt.-Col. J. C. T. Moore-Brabazon lined up for the first course of the moonlight dinner for sixty at Corviglia. It was given by Capt. Ganzhoff, who is in the crack Regiment of Guides, and an extra equerry to the King of the Belgians

Canadian She, American He

Right, above: Lady Child, Sir John Child's attractive Canadian wife, and Mr. John Husted watching the Suvretta skating. He is an American who has had a house in Regent's Park for eight years

Doug. Senior, Does Showman

Mrs. Brinsley Plunket has the view pointed out for her by Douglas Fairbanks. She and her husband did a St. Moritz week-end from Paris, in company with Doug., Senior

Mrs. Frank Jay Gould

Right: Mrs. Frank Jay Gould, in her crash helmet, waiting outside the Bobsleigh Club to be taken for her first ride

And Here is Lady Ashley

The Hon. Brinsley Plunket and Lady Ashley were photographed on the Corviglia Club terrace. He tried the Cresta during the week-end he spent at St. Moritz

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

WE derived not a little innocent pleasure from scanning the "Nordic principles for women's attire" recently emitted by a Nazi woman leader. It 's based on the usual stuff about the inferiority and decadence of the Southern races, contact with which has "enticed the German People from its own values." We don't know if this sort of glub-glub still makes you laugh as it does us. We 've heard a lot of it in Bloomsbury, mainly from Nordics like spectacled and consumptive apes, whose hands, when they walk upright, nearly touch the ground.

The Nordic Woman, who, it seems, is an "attainment-type," as opposed to the dangerous Southern "exhibition-type," must in future subordinate her clothing to her sphere of activity, whatever that may be. Ourselves, we should think the ideal Nordic clothing is a simple, healthy suit of woad, as being admirably adapted to the elegant figure of the average hausfrau, entirely functional, and expressive of all the sterner pagan virtues. This, with two thick flaxen plaits and a tin Valkyrie helmet for festal occasions, ought to teach the decadent South a lesson.

Afterthought

ON the other hand, now we think of it, there was a justly-celebrated dinner-party one night during the late war at German G.H.Q., when one of their most distinguished generals, it is said, danced among the champagne bottles on the table, wearing the airy costume of the Queen of the Elves. If this dress is good enough for the High Command, whose military virtues are unquestioned, it ought to be good enough for any German housewife, and we 're surprised the Nazi lady ignores it.

We often wonder what the minority of sane and civilised Germans, possessing a rational sense of values (like Cardinal Faulhaber, of Munich, who has already spoken his mind), think of all this flood of Nordic pooh-bah. Does it, we wonder, make them hilarious, or just sick?

Tough Luck, Sir!

A RECENT photograph of Professor Einstein standing by a blackboard covered with masses of figures and symbols, revealed the Professor as looking pretty haggard and scared at his handiwork, and we don't wonder at it. The mathematicians of the American University he had been lecturing weren't anywhere to be seen. Perhaps they were hiding under their desks, pale as ashes and gnawing their lips.

This physical change in Einstein seems to us rather significant. A year or two ago, in California, an impulsive lady at a banquet said to him: "Professor, *you 're just wonderful!*" Her intelligence struck Einstein as remarkable. He was pretty smart and jaunty then, smiling and bowing and stealing away to play his adored violin in secluded nooks where nobody ever discovered him, except the Press photographers. Now he looks like a frightened man. His calculations obviously terrify him. A long course of explaining something completely unintelligible to people who, relatively, are at the "Fat cat sat on the mat" stage, has, we imagine, so worked on his system that now every time he picks up a bit of chalk he shies like a nervous horse. We shall never forget the Professor's expression as he stared at that blackboard. Utter defeat was in it, and weary horror, and despair, and awful realisation. He looked a beaten man. "All right, boys," his eyes said. "They 've got me. I give in." After which, we expect, he waved a trembling hand to the mathematicians gibbering under their desks and stumbled away, hiding his eyes.

What will happen soon, probably, is that Einstein will take to drawing horses' heads on his blackboards, and large, bleeding hearts transfixed with arrows, labelled: "I love Elsie Garthwaite," and little men, and ships, and what not. If this is what comes of an obscene curiosity about the bending of light, we think the Professor might have done better with bananas.

"Hey! Monsieur Stanislas, you forgot something"

Judgment

IS this recent Sam Goldwyn story new to you? We don't care a hoot if it isn't.

An enthusiastic executive brought Mr. Goldwyn a film story which he guaranteed to be a sure-fire box-office smash. Flushed and excited, he said (or, rather, shouted) that it was a great, a magnificent, a stupendous, a colossal story. Mr. Goldwyn coughed cautiously and ran a judicial eye over the typescript. "Yeah," he grudgingly admitted, "it 's calahssl, in a small way."

It Isn't Done

MANY who have sailed the seas with Mr. Belloc in his boat—and we

"This is the bit where I always have to waggle my chin"

doubt if anyone (except, perhaps, Mr. Maurice Baring) can be said accurately to have lived, in the full sense, without that rich experience—will perceive with regret that they were not with him on a recent trip to Gravelines, to study the place where, on that night of July 1588, the Armada transports cut cables and made up the Straits for the North Sea.

We once met a don who severely condemned Mr. Belloc's restless habit of going up and down Europe to examine and measure the sites of important battlefields (e.g., Malplaquet, Austerlitz, Marston Moor, Wattignies), and sailing about perpetually in his little boat to discover how and where famous naval actions were fought round our shores. The don hinted that this was an ungentlemanly and un-English trick. Decent historians (the don implied) write history in the seclusion of their studies, ringing the bell with dignified ease for their man, Pogson, when required. We said: "But surely it helps one to understand a battle more clearly when one has studied the actual site, especially if one is acquainted with the military science of the period?" The don merely sniffed, as if a bad egg were under his nose, and held his peace.

So much official history is having to be painfully revised nowadays that we shouldn't wonder if it would save the academic history boys some trouble in future if they emerged from their dens occasionally and had a blink round.

Sister Wind-on-the-Heath

LADY ELEANOR SMITH seems to be running the gipsy business a little more thoroughly than George Borrow, who never, so far as we recollect, got himself adopted member of a tribe—possibly because that dear old gipsy lady, Mrs. Hearn, as you may remember, didn't much care for Mr. Borrow, and tried to poke his eye out with a sharp stick after an ineffectual attempt at poisoning him. We don't blame old Mrs. Hearn one bit. The bumptious and untruthful Borrow was an insufferable person to have about anywhere.

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 15.—Elinor Glyn

THOSE parents of the pre-war days
Who bravely strove to shield their brood
From "naughty" books, suggestive plays,
And pictures dealing with "the nood,"
Banned *Three Weeks* from their children's shelves—
Then bought a copy for themselves.

For Mrs. Glyn had dared to write
Of folk without the benefit
Of clergy, and, of course, that might
Upset the little ones a bit,
Though Pa could safely spend his cash
On lashings of Venetian pash.

Since then, the times have changed a lot,
And children now are all employed
In probing Sex, for each small tot
Is unashamed and unaFreud;
But still the glamour of the Glyn
Does not show signs of wearing thin.

In proof of which, I would point out
That not so many moons ago
She scored a bull, without a doubt,
When for "the Sex" she struck a blow
Which proved to be a winning hit,
Inventing for the young she, "It."

B. W.

We observed, perusing a recent blurb about Lady Eleanor's new novel, that she learned Spanish dancing from an old gipsy woman in Seville, where, if the gipsies really are "a wonderfully clean lot," they must have changed since last we were ambling in the Triana. We certainly like Spanish gipsies infinitely better than the Balkan kind, whose passionate and yearning fiddling soon becomes as cloying as sweet Greek wine, not to speak of the rapid boredom induced by their bestial thirst for backsheesh. The

"No, damn it, this isn't *Regent 00903"*

Spanish gipsy dances the Farruca and the Garrotin superbly, and his women, when young, are often exceedingly eyeworthy, and as heartless, we expect, as Conchita in Pierre Louys' *La Femme et le Pantin*, which is about the best Spanish gipsy story so far.

Incidentally, we 've always liked Prosper Merimée's very sound footnote to a moral fantasia by Borrow on the impregnable virtue of the Spanish gipsy (female). Borrow tells the story somewhere of a Gorgio nobleman who tried to tempt a beautiful Romany girl with gold. She threw it furiously in his face. Merimée's comment is that he obviously hadn't offered the girl nearly enough.

Cuckoo !

ONE of those things which make our Press the envy and terror of the civilised world caught our eye recently. Referring rather sniffily to little King Peter's partaking in a picturesque Yugoslav New Year ceremony, the leader-writer of a London daily added: " Wise, modern British citizens do not stand for such mediæval nonsense. They just say ' Happy New Year ' to all and sundry, and believe it just as fervently."

That strong bit of near-English is so revealing that here and now we could sketch you a pretty accurate portrait of the author, indicating his chief intellectual relaxations, his views on all things human and divine, his taste in ties, literature, women, and food, and the correct number of his nightly bus home to a distant suburb. We 're not criticising—we 're admiring. The prose we 've quoted lacks, perhaps, the forceful quality of the thought of a Maurras or a Ferraro, their subtlety, their polish, their sword-like style, their power of marshalling and presenting a high political case to a cultivated newspaper public, but we doubt if any foreign journalist, however eminent, could write anything to compare with it, even under the pressure of sincere emotion.

" Now, Gentlemen, we must decide. Is it to be ' Love in a Mist ' or ' Evening Breeze ' ? "

Big Medicine

UNMOVED as any Red Indian, we contemplated the Plastic Snack Bar at the Exhibition of British Art in Industry, of which we had heard so much, at Burlington House. Not so much as a grunt of surprise or wonder escaped us. Similarly rigid and unimpressed, we passed through the heap big academic lodges of the pale-face, observing bits of agonising cleverness in synthetic crystal and chromium and ivory, revolving beds, thirty-four-hour clocks, folding dinner-tables, glassware signed by Awful Big Names, hanging tables, streamlined kitchens, and the Great Spirit alone knows what else. Not a feather in our head-dress quivered. Not a wampum bead fell.

What struck us chiefly was the self-consciousness with which certain artists, who simply must keep up or bust, stab and prod and bake and carve and worry honest material into arty-crafty shapes and designs which are as much at home in a decent man's house as a blue gorilla. In this they betray their lack of logic, balance, and a sense of values. The craftsmen of other ages created first for utility and secondly for decoration. The modern snob-artist exactly reverses this process. We don't think much of this " ultra-modern " operating-theatre stuff will live long, and we can't see anybody with any sense, financial or artistic, collecting it. Placed side by side with any representative product of antique craftsmanship, it looks pretty vulgar and shrill and defiant and silly, like a hard-faced shrieking débutante in the presence of a great lady.

That 's our position as regards the decorative modes of the moment, and you can take it or, as the saying is, jolly well lump it. The whole question of modern æsthetics is a big one—big (as the American show-girl said) but not interesting, like an elephant's behind. Belay, then, hearties, and sheer off !

Whoops !

APROPOS our recent light reference, more in bung-ho than anger, to the pretty bleak General Knowledge paper Auntie *Times* set her readers for fun on Christmas Eve, one of them (and a don, at that) informs us, giggling like a little crazy thing, that Auntie herself made an odious bloomer in the answers, printed on December 27th. She ascribed the authorship of *Fabiola* to Newman, whereas it 's by Wiseman.

So, hey de diddle, hey de dee, can't see you, can't see me, hey, ho, bibbity bo, and up a gum-tree for Auntie.

THE BYSTANDERS.

• FILMS of the DAY

Team-Work

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Diana Wynyard in "Over the River"

Diana Wynyard is Clare and Colin Clive is Sir Gerald Corven, the husband from whose cruelty she is trying to escape, in the Universal film of one of Galsworthy's last novels

An American Film of a Galsworthy Novel

Frank Lawton as Tony, the penniless young man whom Clare meets on her voyage home from India, Diana Wynyard as Clare, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Lady Mont, Clare's aunt. All but one of the cast of "Over the River," which is now at the Empire, are English; the director is James Whale, who made his name in Hollywood, but is English-born

An employer once said: "One boy is worth a boy; two boys are worth half a boy; three boys, no boys at all." This arithmetic does not apply to comedians. In *Dirty Work*, three of them are worth about six. Because the situations and dialogue provided by the inexhaustible Ben Travers afford them glorious opportunities: because Tom Walls's direction amounts to co-operation; because the comedians are Gordon Harker, Ralph Lynn, and Robertson Hare, a team which admirably combines and contrasts.

If you do not find Ralph Lynn's rabbity profile, monocled monologues in rapid inarticulation, and dandified asininity funny (and I, personally, do not), there is Robertson Hare, with his deep-toned, parsonic enunciation, his profound seriousness and dome-like head, or Gordon Harker in another of his irresistible Cockney impersonations.

These three musketeers of mirth are assistants in a jeweller's shop daily subjected to the attention of thieves. What there is of plot develops into a game of universal detection and counter-detection. It is all quite ludicrous and impossible, but what does that matter as long as funny situations are created?

The pith of the humour lies in the fact that Lynn, as Jimmy Milligan, Gordon Harker as his very "knowing" friend, Nettle, and Robertson Hare, the pal-pecked Clement Peck, hot on the track of the thieves, are fooled into doing the burglary themselves as part of their plot to trap them.

There is a subsidiary not-over-stressed sentimental complication, since the "Boss" is making less than subtle overtures to Jimmy's girl, played by Lilian Bond in the accepted flounce-and-pout manner.

Complete farce, *Dirty Work* develops finally into the wildest slap-stick, but it will give simple people and the faithful followers of the Aldwych gang a good laugh.

"Peck's Bad Boy," in which Jackie Cooper is starred, is the most pedestrian of films. The characters walk and walk, while they talk and talk. What action there is, is as leisurely as their mental and verbal processes.

Peck, a widower, and his boy are pals. Billy is the leader of his school "gang," and a "regular fellow." Then Aunt Lily, and her egregious son, Horace, come to stay: two unexceptionally objectionable characters. To establish herself and her hypocritical, priggish darling in her brother-in-law's home, the woman proceeds to oust Billy. He is continually put in the wrong, and finally told that he is not even the son of the house—merely an orphan taken from an asylum.

On little Cooper falls the onus of showing the inarticulate small boy's mental processes. He does it well and naturally, but a little boy's frowns, hesitations, and gestures of frustration and impotence have not sufficient dramatic or emotional significance to be the sole interest of a full-length film.

One of this picture's weaknesses is the drawing of the father, played by Thomas Meighan, who shows no gleam of understanding of the boy to whom he is devoted. Not till a faithful old gardener has been "fired," the negress who has been in his service a life-time revolts and tells him what is going on, and the boy is driven to run away does he take any steps to put things right. Another actor might have made something of the part—if it had been rewritten. Perhaps it takes a Wallace Beery or a Charles Chaplin to point the implicit emotion of a close relationship between a man and a boy.

It is rather late to write about *The Mighty Barnum* (I missed the Press show), but after the run at the Pavilion, it will probably be shown elsewhere, and it is definitely a picture to see. Wallace Beery has said that Zanuck told him he "wanted Barnum, not Beery." If so, he asked the impossible. The stove-pipe hats and frock-coats of the 'eighties and 'nineties cannot obliterate a personality such as this. But, in his own gloriously recognisable way, Beery gives a vastly entertaining interpretation of the great showman, vulgarian, humbug optimist and opportunist, but with a great heart and a "flair" for freaks which founded "the greatest show on earth."

The freaks themselves provide a large part of the interest of the film. General Tom Thumb and his lovely little "wife" are charming incidentals, and the episodes between Barnum and the Bearded Lady are genuinely, although grossly, funny.

The arrival of the Swedish Nightingale in America when Barnum has prepared a great welcome for the British elephant is excellently handled, and if his infatuation for Jenny Lind is not historical, it does provide some good situations, culminating with the gargantuan banquet in her honour, and its dramatic, serio-comic climax. Menjou, as the periodically inebriated, freak-finding partner, Bailey Walsh, gives an admirable performance, and there is an ingénue with quite lovely eyes, called Rochelle Hudson, in the cast.

This is another picture in which good team-work contributes to success.

Evening News—

—Of Last Week and Next Month

Right: the girls that Clifford Whitley has found in Hollywood for his revue, "Stop Press," which is coming on at the Adelphi in February. With them is Jack Oakie, who seems to mind their leaving him

Jack Oakie Tells Good-bye to Clifford Whitley's Hollywood Booty

The Horowitz Concert at the Queen's Hall

Top: Baron Mario Bucovitch, the photographer whose exhibition at Sunderland House was a social event of the autumn, and Mrs. Mary Booker went to the concert together

Below: Horowitz met his father, M. Simon Horowitz, for the first time for ten years, after his recital at the Queen's Hall last week. On the right is Mme. Horowitz, the pianist's wife, who is Toscanini's daughter

Swaebe

The Cambridge University Boxing and Fencing Club Ball

At the top are Mr. P. Oppenheimer, the chairman of the Ball, showing his hoop-la win of a bottle of champagne to Miss P. Stirling, and Miss Betty Maudsley and Miss M. Blackmore trying for a bottle on their own. Below are Miss Elizabeth Williams, Miss Pat Pelly, Mr. Geoffrey Way, and Mr. Ian Patterson at the May Fair, where the C.U.B.F.C. Ball was held

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Cocktails for Circus Stars

Lady Sackville talking to Althoff at the cocktail-party at the Hon. Mrs. Clive Pearson's house in Grosvenor Square where the circus stars appeared in their Olympia dress, straight from the matinée performance

The Hon. Mrs. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell and Lord David and Lady Helen Smith were at the party which was in connection with the circus charity matinée yesterday

Woman to Woman

WE said some weeks ago that the Ball at Belvoir Castle should not be missed, and how very right we were. It was "magnificent" in every way, the setting, the jewels, the supper, and all. Everybody in the world was there, including the Marlboroughs (who, by the way, are just going off abroad). He was to be seen dancing with Mrs. Johnny Player, among others. Lady Cambridge we saw, looking charming in black (she's been in mourning for her aunt, Lady Hothfield), dancing with Mr. John Drury-Lowe. They were both in Lady Pack's party, as was, of course, Miss Penelope Pack. Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry came with the Warrenders. Lady Jersey, minus her "Earl," was another we saw, and that lovely Lady Edward Hay.

ENGAGED couples included Mr. Ramsden and Lady Catherine Willoughby, and Sir Michael Assheton-Smith and Miss Joan Marjoribanks, who wore a feather boa of black and blue feathers mixed. Considerable difficulty in finding one's partners was inevitable in a castle of such dimensions, but it all added to the fun, and anyhow, having found same, there were plenty of places to sit out in. The Duchess of Rutland herself looked marvellous in her many jewels, including her tiara. Every eligible bachelor you could think of was there, Lord Normanton and Lord Feversham included. Countess Munster we saw, but then it's difficult to miss her as she is a good deal taller than most people. She was wearing green this time. Her sister, Lady Stavordale, and husband were among the young-marrieds, as were the O'Neills and Captain and Mrs. Arthur Pilkington.

• Getting Married . . .

This New Feature—the "Bystander's" Pictorial Review of current weddings and engagements—will be found on pages B and C, before you come to the Frontispiece. Next-door is

WHAT'S ON

our weekly Going-Out Guide to London's Round of Amusements.

An Event for Film First-Nighters: the Muriel, Lady Powell, and Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister arrived together. Like the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lady Powell comes from Yorkshire

Lady Gainsborough is with daughter, Lady Maureen most important of the

Prince and Princess Alessandro Torlonia

MASTER GEORGE DAVID HENRY WIGGIN behaved very well at his christening, we hear. He had a large collection of godparents, including Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who is a great friend of his mother, Mrs. Peter Wiggin, who was Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth. Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth was another godmother. Various young mothers turned up at the ceremony, probably to get a few tips for the christening of their own young. Among them were Mrs. Archer Clive, looking quite lovely (she was Penelope Portman). Her son and heir is to be christened in the country. Mrs. Coats was another (Betsan Horlick); she had on some amazing tartan taffetas gloves. Her Christopher was christened a few days later.

The Bowater Christening

Above, left: the royal bride and bridegroom, Prince Alessandro Torlonia and ex-King Alfonso of Spain's eldest daughter, were photographed in Paris on their way to London. The Prince of the Asturias is with them

Michael Ian Vansittart Bowater, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Ian Bowater's son, and grandson of Lord Dawson of Penn, was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The Bowaters' five-year-old daughter is Susan

Sir Harry and Lady McGowan

The chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries and his wife were photographed at Waterloo just before they left on a business trip to South Africa

Première of the New Viennese Film, "Maskerade," at the Academy

Mr. Newton Horne. Her Noel, will be one of the season's débutantes

Sir Kingsley and Lady Wood were in the audience for the première of "Maskerade," the new Willy Forst film, which is about Vienna in 1905

Mrs. John Gilliatt, mother of one of 1934's most attractive débutantes, and Lady Jersey watching the crowd in the foyer

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON (Continued)

We hear from Switzerland that Mlle. Jacqueline Paravacini, who is staying at Klosters, spends her spare time, when ski-ing is over for the day, playing the piano, while Mr. Christopher Mackintosh yodels to her accompaniment. So, you see, all forms of sport are indulged in out there. Douglas Fairbanks and Lady Ashley "gambol" in the snow together at St. Moritz, while Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, taking things rather more seriously, wins cups for ski-ing.

Every day we hear of still more people going abroad. Lady Warwick is off to the United States directly; Mrs. Ronald Greville leaves us for Honolulu; Lord Elmly has gone to the Austrian Tyrol (will the hat of the country suit him?); Sir Laurence and Lady Philipps and daughter, and probably other members of the family, are going by various means, including flying, to South Africa, where they may bump into Captain and Mrs. Schreiber and Miss Pam Schreiber, who must have already arrived by now; Lady Fairhaven is off to join the Sapphire, Lord Fairhaven's "luxury liner," at Gibraltar; Lord and Lady Mottistone are going with her.

Miss Barbara Cavendish-Bentinck

Was a guest at Mrs. Leo Kessel's cocktail-party at Claridge's, and wore a large black hat and a brown Persian lamb coat for the occasion. She is a relation of the Duke of Portland

We can't help wondering how much Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor Channon enjoyed the joke Sir Richard Sykes played on them—a barrel-organ dug out from somewhere in Sledmere, "tattoo-ed" all over with sock-suspenders and coronets, and presented to them! Mr. Channon probably knows a bit about suspenders, not for any reason except that his father made money out of said extremely useful article in America.

Florists are being kept busy at the moment testing the life and endurance of a gardenia when worn in the hair. If they come to a satisfactory conclusion, Miss Angela Dudley-Ward will wear a wreath of them, which will certainly be original as well as attractive, when she marries Captain Laycock this week. It ought to be a lovely wedding. Silver and white for the bride and her eight bridesmaids, and uniform of the bridegroom's regiment of a hundred years ago for the eight pages. More of this when it has actually happened.

MRS. PEEPS

Mrs. Leo Kessel

A sketch of a very smart American who is staying in London at the moment, at Claridge's, where she gave an amusing cocktail-party the other day. She is wearing a Dick Whittington hat by Paquin

The Countess of Jersey

Lady Jersey is chairman of the Circus Ball, in aid of the Knebworth Memorial Boys' Camp, which takes place at Grosvenor House to-morrow. She is wearing a Schiaparelli ensemble, a black ski-ing cap with a caracul crown and a black scarf with frills of stiff white satin

Peter North

Sisters

No. 1. Mrs. Iain Murray and Miss Suzanne Du Boulay

Mrs. Iain Murray and her sister are the daughters of the late Col. A. H. Du Boulay, and Mrs. Du Boulay. Mrs. Murray, who married Sir Malcolm Murray's only son two years ago, is one of the best-looking of the young-marrieds, and her sister will certainly be one of the most attractive of the 1935 débutantes. Suzanne Du Boulay, who has just come back from Paris and the "finishing" process, will be presented at one of the Jubilee Courts

90
DUNLOP FORT "90"
MADE IN ENGLAND
— THE LATEST AND GREATEST TYRE
C.F.H

Photographs by Lenare

"I Wrote a Letter to My Love"

Tilly Losch As She Dances in "Streamline"

TILLY LOSCH has just returned to the cast of *Streamline* after an absence due to illness. Her two dances in C. B. Cochran's show at the Palace are high-lights of beauty in a revue that is bewilderingly full of brilliance. In "The Letter," she is a coy Victorian Miss with a love-letter to post, very undecided about the wisdom of letting it go on its way. She drops it in the pillar-box, repents, cajoles the postman into giving it back to her, and then, wayward girl, she posts it again. Tilly Losch's dancing and miming in this light-hearted little piece, which was suggested by A. P. Herbert, and goes to Offenbach's music, are a delight. So are the setting and the dancer's frivolously demure dress, which were designed by Doris Zinkeisen

"La Chanson de l'Adieu"

A Private Life of Frédéric Chopin At the Curzon

Constantia Gladkowska, Chopin's First Love

Janine Crispin plays Constantia Gladkowska, the lovely Polish girl who was Chopin's first love. She lost him when he found fame and George Sand in Paris. Below: she tells her grief to Chopin's mother

Chopin's First Meeting with George Sand

Chopin, the twenty-seven-year-old composer-pianist (Jean Servais), meets the woman who was to be the biggest influence in his life and his mistress for seven years. On the left is another picture of George Sand, who is played by Lucienne Le Marchand

"FAREWELL," or "La Chanson de l'Adieu," the French film on Chopin's life, is having its English première at the Curzon this week, after long runs in Paris and Berlin. Jean Servais, a clever young French actor, makes a big name for himself by his acting as the young Franco-Pole who became so famous a figure in the brilliant intellectual and social world of Paris in the eighteen-thirties. Besides George Sand and Liszt, Alfred de Musset, Pleyel and Balzac appear in the story, which is decorated all the way through by Chopin's music

Right: *Chopin's First Success in Paris*

Liszt congratulates his young protégé on the success of his concert, during which he had played the Polonaise that was inspired by news of the Polish revolution against Russia. Behind is George Sand, for once not in men's clothes

A Meeting is Arranged Between Liszt and Chopin

Franz Liszt (Daniel Lecourtois) and Chopin are brought together, as it were, by chance. The Abbé uses his influence to win recognition for Chopin in Paris, and introduces him to George Sand

Taking a Good View of Austria

Looking Over Zell-am-See, near Salzburg

Photographs by Osterreichische Verkehrswerbung

A Mountain Lunch Above Innsbruck

The Austrian migration is a rather later one, as far as England is concerned, than the Swiss one, but it is in full flight now. Whether one goes direct from London, or tries out one's ski-legs in Switzerland first, on arrival the result 's the same—the lovely scenery, the perfect snow, and the charm of the Austrian atmosphere make an incomparable combination. Zell-am-See, in the top photograph, is a small lake-side resort near Salzburg. The lower photograph was taken in front of the Hotel Seegrube, half-way up the Hafelekar funicular, which starts from Innsbruck

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In the
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Also in packets 10 for 4d

Whitbread & Co., Ltd. *I.P.S. & Gilbert Cousland.*

Miss Gertrude Lawrence, in the latest Molyneux informal evening gown, at supper with Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., at Grosvenor House

A Hot Favourite

Mr. A. B. Briscoe, the trainer, with Golden Miller, the National favourite, at Beechwood House. As last year's winner, this horse will start favourite for this year's Grand National, and most likely at the shortest price on record

American Hustlers

Mr. Louis Stoddard and Mr. Pete Bostwick arrived at Southampton from New York on January 10th, and the former rode a race at Windsor the next day. Mr. Bostwick is to ride Castle Irwell in the Grand National

A Racing Reverie

Something "Uncle" Didn't Know!

By "Regular"

Lenare

A Lady Owner Weds

Mrs. M. Coronel, who is to be married this week to Mr. H. C. Barder. An enthusiastic owner, she trains with Mr. Peter Thrale at West Horsley. Mr. Barder is also an owner, and has saddled some good winners, and at his beautiful home, Ormonde Hall, near Bolney, he not only breeds horses, but has one of the finest kennels of greyhounds in the South of England

No sooner had I written that selling plates were at last being used for the purpose for which they were originally invented—the exploitation of bad horses—than up comes Miss Dykes and buys Wandering Wing in for 410 guineas, and, judging by the way in which he was backed prior to the race, and the manner in which he "fulfilled expectations," I should be the last one to say that Miss Dykes had been imprudent.

As some of you are possibly aware, "Uncle Regular" conceals the identity of one whose heart and soul are devoted to the great sport of racing, and, in consequence, he spends much of his time on the race-course—hence his nom-de-plume. It was the Editor, I believe, who invented it, and we all thought it frightfully good.

Well, to get on with the story. What I want to say is that there are precious few horses that I haven't heard of, and even fewer owners, but, until a certain cold Saturday, in the very shadow of the Castle and but a stone's-throw from Cuckoo Weir, I had never heard of Wandering Wing, and although I know a mass of jolly girls (though rather less than I used to), I had never heard of Miss Dykes.

In Holland there is, I believe, an old custom known as "damming the dykes." This custom has apparently spread to Windsor, and I distinctly heard a number of bookmakers so employed while they were engaged in paying out after Wandering Wing had obliged.

Ashamed as I am to have to admit it, I still don't know Miss Dykes. I believe the Stewards had her in afterwards and congratulated her on her success, and I hoped that they might introduce me, but you know what all men past the first flush of youth are like where their female acquaintances are concerned—"cagey" as the devil, and when a good-looking fellow like Uncle Regular comes along (especially as I'd left the Mem at home), they replied, "Nothing doing!"

No; reluctant as I am to admit it, I still don't know Miss Dykes. She may look like Mrs. Sweeny on extension night, or she may be built more on the lines of Mrs. Hollins—I don't know.

When I said to someone, "I've never heard of Wandering Wing," someone replied: "Don't you know that was the horse Lord Milton gave to Jimmy Hogan?" in much the same respectful tones as one refers to the presents given by the King and Queen to Princess Marina on the occasion of her marriage to the Duke of Kent.

Jimmy Hogan, late one night, explained to me at some length that only the best was good enough for him, and I presume that Wandering Wing did not come under that category, as he is now the property of Miss Dykes. But whether he gave her the horse for Christmas, or whether some monetary exchange was indulged in, I do not know.

Although I had never heard of him, my little book, *Raceform*, tells me that Wandering Wing had run twice previously this season, but that on neither occasion had he troubled the Judge or the bookmakers. I hate the expression "fills a long-felt want," but if ever it was justified, it is in the case of *Raceform*, which is the best form-book I've ever seen. Ever since I can remember, I've been steeplechasing with no sort of reference to past form except that provided by the daily papers. You must get *Raceform*.

I also want to tell you of a magazine called *A Racing Record*, which has recently been published by the Anglo-Irish Bloodstock Agency, and edited by Frankie More O'Ferrall. It's simply excellent, and when I tell you that it contains an article by myself, accompanied by a drawing of Major Weyland by the Countess of Antrim, you will, I presume, rush to the nearest newsagent and buy a copy.

No result this jumping season has given me greater pleasure than the victory of Lord Inchcape's thirteen-year-old Annandale in the Stayers' Handicap 'Chase at Birmingham. Annandale is trained by that best of good fellows, "Rattle" Barrett, and ridden by his son, who is a sub-lieutenant in the Navy.

My only regret is that "Rattle" was not present to see his boy's dashing display, but he was confined to his bed, suffering from the effects of a dog-bite. No man living has suffered more cruelly from the hand of fate than has "Rattle" during the past few years, but no man could have faced his misfortunes more bravely.

My New Year resolutions were to lose less frequently and more gracefully. So far I have not broken them, for the very good reason that I have not had a bet. A very good example to us all of how to lose gracefully was provided by Mr. Ben Warner at Birmingham.

Provided he could jump a country, Free Fare was a cast-iron certainty, and Free Fare had satisfied his connections on that score. In consequence, Mr. Warner betted freely on him in the Packington 'Chase. To say that Free Fare was winning with two stone in hand is a moderate estimate—so much so that Billy Speck began to pull him up and pat his neck. So far was General Crack behind that most jockeys would have decided to accept defeat, but "Gerry" Wilson decided that General Crack should have a crack, with the result that he caught Speck napping and beat him a head.

It was shocking bad luck for Mr. Warner, but he realised that it was an even worse experience for Speck, who looked as if he wished there'd be an earthquake, and that he'd be the first to fall down the Crack. Mr. Warner, realising this, patted Speck on the shoulder and told him not to worry—a great gesture.

The Hunt Ball

The West Kent Hunt Ball at the Wilderness Club, Sevenoaks

At the top is a West Kent Hunt Ball group which includes (sitting) Lady Cohen, Mrs. McGrath, Mrs. Garle, Mrs. H. Hollebone, Mrs. G. Hollebone; (standing) Mr. McGrath, Mr. Field Marsham, Mr. Robertson Rodger, Captain J. Garle, M.F.H., Miss Pat Watney, Mrs. Watney, Mr. G. Hollebone, Mr. H. Hollebone, Mr. K. Homan and Miss K. Styles, the joint hon. secretaries, and Dr. Walker

Below them are Mr. Stephen Heywood, with his arm in a sling, and Miss Pat Watney; he is the Master of the Cambridge Draghounds

Below again are Mrs. Ken Homan, wife of the hon. secretary, and Mr. James Rank, the well-known owner, sitting out to-morrow

The Hertford County Hunt Ball

Sir Henry Floyd, who has a house at South Mimms, Mrs. John Daniell, and Mr. Russell Dore were at the ball, which was held at Fanham's Hall, Colonel R. P. Croft's place at Ware

A Monmouthshire Hunt Ball Party

The Handley Fergusons' party from Glen Usk Court: Miss Joan Baker, Miss Sarah Churchill, Mrs. W. Handley Ferguson Miss Esmé Yarrow, and Miss Betty Llewellin; Harry, David, and Rhys Llewellin, H. J. Sholto-Douglas, Scots Guards, and W. Handley Ferguson, the host

The Northampton Ball

Sitting—Mr. S. J. Lloyd, Mrs. Anthony Guinness, Mrs. Charles Lloyd, Captain Swann, and Mrs. Raull; standing—Miss Miriam Owen, Mr. Christopher Thursfield, and Mr. Noel Lloyd. The Ball at Northampton was in aid of the Northampton and Kettering Hospitals

Season in Full Swing

The Crawley and Horsham, the West Kent, Hertford, Monmouth and Northampton

Right: Mrs. Gregson, Lieut.-Colonel R. W. McKergow, an ex-Master and a member of the Ball committee, and Mr. E. T. Nethercote, J.P.

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Prior-Palmer, Baroness Zouche's daughter, dancing with Mr. Iain Murray

The Crawley and Horsham Hunt Ball

Mr. and Mrs. John Freeman found a cupboard to sit out on at the Drill Hall at Horsham, where the ball was held

Above: the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Frankland and Captain Johnson. Mr. Frankland is a brother of Mrs. Prior-Palmer

Left, below: Miss Joan Snowden and Mr. Melbourne on the top step, with Mr. Hildebrand and Miss Todhunter at their feet

The quartette below are Mrs. Ross and Lord North, the Earl of Guilford's eldest son, and Mr. and Mrs. Iain Murray

MATITA Miss Audrey Simpson *waiting at a* rendezvous. Noel Griggs.

in a

rural setting.

"She shall be charming *wherever* she goes."

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THE GODDESS OF SPORT

On Flying Hither and Thither

By Charles Ward

On the right: Sir Alan Cobham, photographed with Flight-Lieut. H. C. Johnson, on the occasion of a demonstration of the latest "Lynx" Envoy, which is being flown to India. The Envoy, built by Airspeed at Portsmouth, cruises at 150 miles an hour, carrying six passengers

Below: Dr. and Mrs. Douthwaite, of Harley Street, pause at the Heston snack-bar on their return from the Riviera by air

Swaebe

Make Air Touring Simpler

THE owner-pilot has had little encouragement to venture abroad at short notice, and a move is being made to free air-touring from many of its restrictions. The Royal Aero Club proposes that owner-pilots visiting this country should be able to land free of charge if similar facilities are granted to British tourists abroad. Italy and Belgium have already agreed to make a bargain, and it is hoped that all the countries of Europe will follow suit. There is a great need to simplify the documents required for flying abroad and also to curtail those prohibited areas to a size which can be more easily recognised by amateurs. A proposal was made at the Air Transport Conference, that 'planes not fitted with wireless capable of receiving instructions from the ground—and this means all private aircraft—should be prohibited from flying in bad visibility above a certain maximum height, especially in regions where commercial air traffic is passing to and fro. Some rule of this kind is certain to be adopted in order to prevent collisions in the clouds. Until such time as a radio-klaxon is perfected, with its corresponding receiver in visual form, it will be impossible to be certain of avoiding other 'planes when flying in fog or cloud. The suggestion that all private aircraft must be able to "go slow" at not more than ten miles an hour anticipates the day of the Helicopter and the Autogiro as the only "flyabouts" licensed for short journeys.

Catch 'Em Young and Give 'Em Wings

LORD MOTTISTONE is sponsoring the Air League scheme for training 800 young pilots a year. The idea is sound enough, but its success depends, first of all, on the ability of the League to raise a fund of £10,000, and secondly, on the co-operation of Flying Schools and Clubs, which must quote their very best rates. Briefly, young men who are prepared to pay weekly instalments towards the cost of training will have such instalments doubled by the League, so that in effect they will learn to fly at half-price. The Duke of Sutherland is heading the Fund, whose offices are at 19, Berkeley Street, W.1, and Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air, is giving the scheme his full support. A much greater number of amateur pilots will be trained this year, but this will not mean necessarily an increased demand for aircraft, unless the first cost of the latter can be reduced. During last year only 119 aircraft were added to Lloyd's Register, of which 79 were for private owners. A demand for increased training facilities will mean more school machines in use, but lower costs must depend mainly on simpler construction. We are not yet ready for aircraft built in mass production; not until every large town has its own aerodrome and the number of amateur pilots exceeds five figures.

Significant Facts of '34

AT Heston last year, more than 30,000 aircraft movements took place, irrespective of school flying, the figure including 3700 Customs clearances, with more than 12,000 passengers. The school flew 3300 hours, an increase of 28 per cent. on the previous year. At Hamble, Air Service Training built up a total of 8240 flying hours, using 28 aircraft of 11 different types. A.S.T. is now able to provide instruction on every class of heavier-than-air machine, which is one reason why it attracts pupils from all parts of the world. Last year, twenty nationalities were represented at one time or another. The long commercial flying course, which is of three years' duration, is proving very successful. Thirty-three pupils are taking this at the present time, amongst whom are ex-public schoolboys from Harrow, Stowe, Winchester, Oundle, Cheltenham, Charterhouse, Eton, Marlborough, Rugby and Uppingham.

Flying News of the Month

HANWORTH is being altered and improved at a cost of approximately £12,000. The beautiful old mansion which is now the clubhouse is to be enlarged to provide adequate dining space and a sun-lounge where members may bask. It is not stated whether the English sun is to provide the necessary warmth, or mercury-vapour lamps are to be installed. A swimming-pool and squash courts are to be built in order that Hanworth may become the "Ascot of Aviation." It is the only flying club in England which is set in old-world surroundings, and everyone will wish its new owners every success. Incidentally, General Aircraft is to transfer its works from Croydon to the factory buildings on the boundary of Hanworth Aerodrome, and the Company will also go into production with its new engine for the 1935 model Monospar. Beans for Balloons is to be the latest form of barter. Japan grows beans, and Germany builds airships. The former proposes to collect Manchukuo beans to the value of approximately half a million sterling, and to exchange them for a Zeppelin or two. The purpose to which Germany will put the beans is not stated, but the United States is quite well aware of Japan's plans for the airship. The American correspondent of a London daily reports that the world's greatest air-liner made its first flight successfully over the rough waters of Chesapeake Bay. To the pilot's surprise, the seaplane began to rise into the air of its own accord (someone blundered) but this was taken as a good sign, a short flight was completed, and after dumping six passengers, an altitude record was attempted. On being translated, this announcement means that the Glenn-Martin flying-boat for Pan-American Airways has made a successful trial flight. It will be used for a survey of a route across the Pacific.

1934 Finale—"Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes

Mr. J. S. F. Morrison presents the cups to Miss de Montmorency (Wentworth) and Miss M. Peech (Worplesdon), the winners of the "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes last year. This year's fixture takes place on April 12th, and was to have been played at Mid-Surrey, but owing to alterations there that course is not available. St. George's Hill has, however, most kindly stepped into the breach and the 1935 competition will be played there

Women's Golf

Championship Watching and Winning

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

ST. GEORGE'S HILL have done many kind things for us, but I really think the kindest of all has been the way they have stepped into the breach over the BYSTANDER One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes on April 12th of this coming spring. As you know, the fixture was down for Royal Mid-Surrey; then that club found that the big alterations which are going on to their club-house and the ladies' course might not be finished by that date; they confided their troubles to Colonel Parsons, and the next thing was an intimation, as we say north of the Border, that the meeting could be held instead over St. George's Hill's two courses on that day. I do not know what rearrangement of other fixtures may have gone on behind the scenes, for all that ever reached me was a really welcoming invitation. If that isn't real hospitality, I don't know what is. Lest, by the way, anybody should get in a fuss over entries for this or the Northern Foursomes, the St. George's "Form" will appear in the BYSTANDER of March 5th, and the Ganton one on February 20th.

So to business, the discussing, as promised, of the topics: "Brilliant Shots Do Not Win Championships," and "The Education of Watching a Championship: Particularly In Its Later Stages."

Now, these two topics seem to me inextricably bound up with each other; only by watching a championship can you learn what wins one. I am quite sure that there is vast educational value in staying to the end of a championship, provided you are systematic about it, and do not spend the time dashing off to play on other courses in the neighbourhood, or sitting on a shooting-stick discussing whether the last word in cardigans is really what you are wearing, or if somebody else has it; whether somebody has really fallen out with somebody else, or whether she honestly was too tired to go to the pictures last night. Naturally, you must watch with your brain, not only with your eyes, if it is to do you any good.

I KNOW well that expenses are heavy, and that sometimes there is an exigent parent or some engagement at home which makes it really impossible to stay to the end of a championship. Still, if by some happy piece of fortune one should be still in by the last day but one, one would stay somehow, and to arrange to do so, in any case, is well worth the comparatively small extra outlay. Even if the medallists have not just the most attractive classic styles on which your own should be based, there are other things to learn: you see the opportunity that was, or was not, seized; the fatal tendency to be short with the shots up to the pin; the wrong judgment over some debatable carry, where there was all to lose and nothing to gain by attempting the unlikely. Most of all, you see the inter-play of temperament, and how a match may be lost by over-confidence, won by persistence, thrown away by sheer lack of "guts." This all sounds very trite. "I know all that, without spending an extra fifteen bob a day to watch it!" I can imagine plenty of people saying. Quite; but seeing is believing. Apart from the sheer interest and excitement of a championship semi-final and final, the educational value is the equal of playing in at least several open meetings.

NOW, amongst these things to be learnt is assuredly the illuminating one that you may be a really great shot-player, and may even have a beautiful swing, without being a championship winner. That is a truth that ought to be particularly impressed on fond parents or interested, but ill-informed, clubmates of promising young players. They see their darling play some very impressive shots in perfect style; perhaps they even casually walk round or play with her, and get a general impression of fine shots. Yet that player is ignominiously beaten in the championship. Still the fond parent or clubmate does not see the reason. He or she will tell you that they can't think why their protégée was beaten. "I wish you 'd seen her drive at the first"; or "I 've never seen such lovely irons. Of course, Miss A [the opponent] was playing really super-golf." Perhaps you seek out the referee of the match and get a look at the tell-tale card on which the careful fellow has put down a dot or a dash every time the ball was struck. You find, to your amazement, that Miss A's "super"-golf has in reality taken her to the turn in 47, the protégée, in spite of some gallant putting which has saved her at least three shots, has only just missed the half-century.

The "Bystander" Cup and Spoons

Miss Mary Bateman, of Shirley Park, who tied with Miss D. Wooding and Miss N. Williams for the yearly cup held by the winner of the greatest number of "Bystander" spoons during 1934, and who holds the trophy by reason of her total number of strokes below par on the winning cards

Your informant has been quite unintentionally misleading; the protégée no doubt did play some impressive shots—only there were too many of the other kind in between. If it were not dangerous ground, I could name a number of really beautiful shot-players who never have, and, to my mind never will win a major championship. Of course, you must learn how to play every shot, but the knowledge and the playing must have become instinctive. Once upon a time Shakespeare learnt his alphabet; Pavlova to get on to her toes; Gordon Richards where to be in the saddle; wisdom cannot begin until knowledge is ingrained.

That is why, in my humble opinion, nobody is likely to win a championship until they have played in a good many, nor to know the reason for their failure until they have watched several. Miss Wethered was, of course, the exception. Except in the Open of 1923, when she was a mere bronze medallist, Miss Wethered took part in no English, Open, or French championship without reaching the final.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Squash Racquet Stars

The South of England Championship at Brighton

THE South of England Championship at Brighton is, after the Amateur Championship, the most important squash event. There was a record entry of sixty competitors this year, and some of the play reached a very high standard. E. Snell, the winner, is a local player; he owns a preparatory school in Brighton

J. Gillies and P. Conran

John Gillies, the runner-up, is captain of Cambridge, was at Winchester, and is the son of the well-known plastic surgeon. Paul Conran is another member of the Cambridge team, and reached the last eight

Harrison v. Burnett

Edward Harrison, the holder, was beaten by Brian Burnett after nearly two hours' play. Burnett was himself beaten in the semi-final by the winner, E. Snell. He was Oxford's 1933 first string

Edward Snell

The winner; he beat Gillies 9—7, 2—9, 9—7, 9—7 in the final. He has won this Championship three times, and was runner-up in the Amateur in 1932. He captained the Jesters who toured in America last year

Weigall v. Luard

G. J. V. Weigall is sixty-three, and the oldest competitor in squash championships in England. He played cricket for Cambridge and Kent, and has won more squash tournaments than any man living. He was beaten by D. R. Luard

L. R. Priestley

L. R. Priestley, captain of the Oratory School, was the youngest competitor. He did very well in the last Public Schools Championship

Right: Gerard Noel, Susan Noel's brother, who has just gone to Cambridge, beat W. O'Byrne, of the Sussex Sports Club

O'Byrne v. Noel

Tinkler v. Cox

Left: R. K. Tinkler, ex-Oxford tennis Blue, defeated A. F. Cox, the only left-handed player in the Championship. Tinkler played for England v. Germany at Hamburg last year

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Some Nearly Good Stuff

By A. G. Macdonell

THIS is a rather disappointing week, so far as books are concerned. Naturally, after Christmas, the reviewer expects a slackening-off in the volume of volumes, so to speak, which the publishers fling at his head. For there is a theory that no one reads anything at all for about two months after the Yuletide wassail has done its worst. But this week the disappointment is not due to lack of quantity, or to lack of quality, but rather to a regret that several good books are not just that fraction better which might have made them very good indeed.

THE first of these is *Delay in the Sun* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. Anthony Thorne. Mr. Thorne, I understand, is a young man, and like almost all young men in these days, he writes with a complete absence of Design. Alas! how universal is this modern contempt for Design. And, what makes it more sad than ever, the twentieth-century recreator of the picaresque novel had a perfect Design in his masterpiece that his disciples do not seem to notice. The model for all these Vicki Baums is, of course, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and the disciples have skimmed the method and missed the spirit. But once this fractious complaint is over, I have nothing but praise for *Delay in the Sun*. The story is simple. A handful of Englishmen and Englishwomen are marooned in the small Spanish town of Querinda. For a few hours they are compelled to stay there, and the book is a series of sketches of their characters, their hopes and passions, their long-repressed emotions, and their reactions to each other. Each of them is taken up for a moment, analysed, and laid down again. But that is not the chief merit of the book. The characters are drawn with a subtlety that would do no discredit to Tchehov, and the small pettinesses of life that seem so vastly important for an instant are etched with the delicate lines of a James McBey. But to my mind the real quality of the book lies in its description of the Spanish scene. I have never read anything that brought back so vividly to my mind, after long years—too long years—the smells and the laziness and the colours and the ancient picturesqueness and the lolling dogs and the sleepy clatter of the blacksmith's forge, and the slow tramp of harnessed oxen and the lovely cries of the children herding the goats among the pale olive-trees. Mr. Thorne's description of Spain is more full of promise for the future (if, indeed, he is a young man, and not Colonel John Buchan, or someone, in disguise) than anything I have read for a long time. And if he will only take the trouble to master Design, he will one day write a great book. I fancy a few months spent in the analysing of Conrad or Henry James would do him very little harm.

"GLOOMY ROMEO," by Mr. Laurence Miller (Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is another nearly brilliant book, and Mr. Miller ranks with Mr. Thorne as an author whose future must be very carefully watched. He is obviously a playwright at heart. That jumps to the eyes all the time. His swift and snappy dialogue, his sequence of dramatic situations, his beautiful command of Suspense are all the marks of a dramatist (and if I was Mr. C. B. Cochran's confidential adviser, at a very considerable salary, which, unfortunately for both of us, I am not, I would suggest respectfully to that great man that Mr. Miller might easily turn out to be a born revue-writer), and now, of course, this sentence has got completely out of hand. But the gist of it is that *Gloomy Romeo* is not the work of a novelist, but of one who might easily become a novelist. The story is completely removed from the ordinary affairs of life; the plot is as fantastic as it is ingenious. But it is not with the plot that I am concerned. I am far more interested in Mr. Miller's power of creating a passionate scene in a handful of short words, in his skill in evoking that mysterious and utterly tragic feeling in the heart of his reader which can only be vaguely written down as "That might have been me years ago, if only . . ." Again I do not say that *Gloomy Romeo* is a great book. But I say very definitely that it may be the precursor of some pretty important stuff. There is a faint suggestion about it of the ghost of Conrad, and that is high praise.

Walter Bird

Anthony Thorne

Whose new novel, "Delay in the Sun," dealing with a party marooned in Spain, has just been published by Heinemann's. It is reviewed on this page by A. G. Macdonell

WHAT a supremely competent person is Miss Marjorie Bowen. How well I remember, as a school-boy, being thrilled, horrified, and hypnotised by *The Viper of Milan*. That must be, alas! five-and-twenty years ago. I am still a profound admirer of Miss Bowen's historical accuracy, and of her power, which I admire even more, of making dry historical bones live once again. *The Scandal of Sophie Dawes* (The Bodley Head; 15*s.*) is the story of a miserable and sordid episode in the annals of the once great and glorious aristocracy of France. Sophie was an English guttersnipe, rather inclined to fat, immensely inclined to money, who captivated the elderly survivor of the immortal house of Condé. The story runs true to the stories that we read every Sunday in the cheaper journals. He made a will. She made a plot. He inherited the fruits of the latter, she of the former. In other words, as Mr. Robey used to say, she killed him and got away with it. Miss Bowen has, as is her invariable custom, gone to the original sources for her material, and she prints a number of new documents. But she cannot, even with all her skill and pains, make anything but a depressing story out of a depressing business. Condé is such a great name, symbolical of all that is best in the long story of France. And, incidentally, speaking for a moment as a Scotsman, what a fearful price for a book! Fifteen shillings for three hundred pages strikes my economical soul as being pretty fierce.

"MURDER IN MAKE-UP" is a detective-novel by Mr. Charles Agleton, and is published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson (7*s.* 6*d.*). It is the usual efficient, well-conducted, murder affair, and as such is to be highly commended. The hero is an amateur, and I wonder, I who am a child in such matters, whether the pendulum is beginning to swing back from Scotland Yard to the unpaid ranks of sleuths. My own preference is for the square-built, wax-moustached, subtle, acute men, like Mrs. Christie's Inspector Battle. But for all I know, the public taste may be turning back to men like that infuriating, irritating, and devastatingly stupid Philo Vance. After all, the greatest detective in the world was a professional, and the portentous New Oxford Dictionary utters a serious libel when it describes Mr. S. Holmes, of 221B, Baker Street, as an amateur detective.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

This charming two-piece suit in mohair jersey would make a delightful "going-away" frock for the spring bride. The dress is cut on slimming lines, while satin to tone is cleverly inserted in the front of the bodice to form a vest. The streamline coat is reversible, and can be worn with the satin side out. It is obtainable in many shades, and may be seen in the ensembles and suit department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street

Photograph by Lenare

For Cruising and the Riviera

Photographs by Lenare

The spring collection of Matita models will be welcomed by all, and especially by those who are considering a visit to the Continent or a Mediterranean cruise. Among the Matita materials is a new milanese appropriately christened Euclid, from its design, which is composed of stripes and curved rectangles. Pictured above is a charming powder-blue frock in a soft woollen material. The smocking at the neck and wrist is youthful, and out of the ordinary, while the slit skirt allows great freedom in walking

Many of the Matita frocks are made of exceptionally fine jersey weaves, an example of which is seen in the frock on the right. The tunic is in powder pink, and has a high neckline, fastening down the back with black buttons. A Japanese hieroglyphic embroidered in black decorates the breast pocket, and is in harmony with the black skirt and belt. By the way, real almonds are being used by Matita for buttons. They are dyed and polished dark brown, and are very original on tweeds

THE BYSTANDER TWINS

in search of NOVELTIES

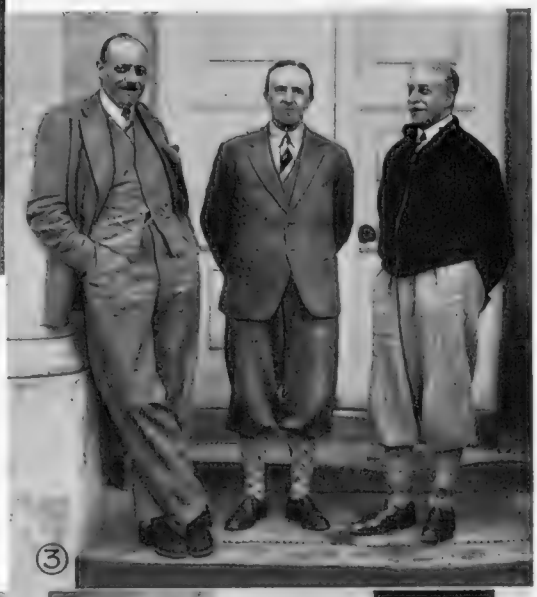
Discovered by Peta
Pictured by Pam

The lovely accessories illustrated on the right may be seen in the salons of H. and M. Rayne, 58, New Bond Street. At the top is a satin evening bag embroidered with a floral pristal design. Below it is a green and gold silk pochette, which is novel in shape and has a pearl clasp. Next to it is a black satin bag artistically worked with baguette diamonds. The vogue for sandal shoes continues. Those illustrated also bear the name of Rayne. The black satin model is studded with silver. The red velvet one is piped with gold kid and has the new ankle strap, while black and silver share honours in the one at the base

Long gloves for evening and formal afternoon wear are dictated for the well-dressed woman. Those pictured are from Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. The top pair are of Venetian hand-made crochet lace, while the second are of white glacé inlet with satin flowers. Some original ideas in belts and materials are sponsored by Matita. There is the Big Bad Wolf, the Ring and the Talon, and Euclid, the new milanese, which is shortly to be followed by Algebra

Golf Clubs at Home

Addington Palace



(1) The club-house, a former seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The fir-tree is mentioned in Doomsday Book. (2) S. J. Goodall (captain), E. B. Loveluck (secretary). (3) F. B. Kerr, Rear-Admiral G. H. D'O. Lyon, and C. G. Fox. (4) C. F. Whitehead, H. G. Howells, and V. Doland.

(5) D. F. Ashton, R. D. Hilton, and E. L. Parker. (6) F. W. Paish, Sir George Paish and D. Johnson. (7) F. Monaghan and G. C. Jacob. (8) S. R. Haycock and A. J. Bower

The Croome Shield

Below: D. A. Drayson and J. S. Rowell, of Clare College, Cambridge, two more competitors in the Croome Shield, which is played for by pairs coming from the same college at Oxford or Cambridge, and the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society. The winners, G. C. Russell and C. J. H. Tolley, are seen on the left

G. C. Russell and C. J. H. Tolley, representing University College, Oxford, winners of the Croome Shield at Rye

Fighting for the Croome Shield at Rye

N. A. Keith and N. C. Selway (Sidney Sussex, Cambridge), last year's Croome Shield winners, who returned 76

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Putter at Rye

WHAT a blessing the meeting of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society is to those who have to write regularly about golf! It takes place in January, and generally is the only meeting of importance between the middle of October and the end of March.

Fortunately, sufficient scratchings were received at the last moment to reduce the entries to sixty-four, and to relieve the committee of the rather delicate task of asking some player to withdraw his name. I am glad to hear that if at any time the entries do exceed sixty-four, there will be a sufficient number of members willing to scratch to avoid the tournament fizzling out on Monday morning as the final of the Halford Hewitt competition did last year.

FOUR members, who have won the Putter, did not play, namely, Sir Ernest Holderness, T. A. Bourn, Captain A. G. Pearson and A. J. Peech. Bourn has just left New Zealand with the team, which has been touring Australia; Peech was prevented from playing by business engagements, and Pearson by his doctor (how he must have blessed his doctor when he saw the vile weather conditions on Friday morning). I did not hear the reason why Sir Ernest Holderness was unable to play.

R. H. WETHERED and A. J. Evans, both of whom have put up good performances in the Open Championship, fought out the final, and, I regret to say, agreed to waive a penalty—namely, to allow each other to wipe their balls whilst in play, the penalty for which, according to the Rules of Golf, is disqualification. Fortunately for the spectators, Humphrey Ellis, the referee, did not enforce this penalty. The writer was by no means the only person surprised that two very experienced players, one of whom is a member of the Rules of Golf Committee, should come to such an agreement.

The final started quietly with a half in four; Evans had to hole a good putt to win the second in four (this hole is now a less difficult four than its predecessor), and also won the third in three, where he holed another good putt of a little over two yards; at the short fourth Evans played a bad tee shot, but nearly got a three, his putt hitting the hole and staying out. It is doubtful if a three would have been any good to him, as Wethered had a putt of under two yards for a two, a figure he had recorded at this hole at least twice previously. Wethered, who had been driving well with a club with the very whippy shaft, which has rejuvenated the golf of Ted Ray and Sandy Herd, drove into the new bunker in the middle of the course at the fifth; Evans replied with a perfect tee shot to the right, from where the approach to the green is easy. Wethered just got out of the bunker, and then Evans, with the hole at his mercy, completely fluffed his shot, but made amends by holing from about four yards, to win the hole in four and become two up after five holes had been played.

Wethered won the sixth, Evans' putt for the half hitting the hole and staying out; but this time he was not unlucky, as the ball was travelling very fast.

Evans was putting beautifully, and up to now had holed or hit the hole with all his putts. At the seventh both players demonstrated how, if a hole is beyond two shots, a really bad shot can be indulged in and the hole still played in the par figure. Wethered pulled his tee shot into the sand-hills, and Evans, after a good tee shot, topped his second. However, both players were comfortably on the green in three, and a half in five resulted. After a half in three at the one-shot eighth, Wethered won the ninth in four. He took an iron from the tee, to avoid the bunker in the middle of the course, and then pitched just on to the green, very short of the hole; Evans had a grand opportunity now, but he threw it away by pitching right over the green and then being very short with his chip back. This ninth hole was, in my opinion, vital, and the turning-point of the match. If he had played his easy second shot well, Evans might have won the hole, as he would have made Wethered's difficult long putt still more difficult, and have become two up. There is a very big difference at the turn between two up and all square.

AFTER this, Evans, although he fought bravely, never looked like a winner. He was never in sight of a half at the tenth, but won the eleventh by holing a putt of about nine yards, after playing the hole badly, Wethered having visited the shingle on the right with his tee shot. Having got a hole back, Evans presented his opponnet with the twelfth, where he half-hit his approach. At the next hole, the Sea Hole, Evans produced the best shot of the match: he had driven to the left, where he got a hanging lie, and had to stand well above his ball; he took his spoon and hit a perfect half-shot which, in spite of the difficult angle at which he had to play over the sand-hills, nearly hit the pin and finished a few yards past it. He received the just reward of a magnificent shot by winning the hole in four. He had been playing his wooden club shots extremely well, but was not convincing with the irons, and showed admirable judgment in selecting his spoon for this shot instead of a number three iron, with which club he could, if he hit the shot, have reached the green. The straightforward short fourteenth was halved in three, and then Wethered played the next three holes perfectly in 4, 4, 3; Evans did not, and although a beautiful pitch gained a half at the seventeenth, he lost the other two, and with them the match. Wethered, who has now won the Putter three and a half times, was a worthy winner. His success was due, to a large extent, to his good driving with a very whippy driver; his iron play and putting are usually first class, it has nearly always been his wooden club play that has let him down when he has suffered defeat in big matches.

THE meeting for the BYSTANDER Trophy will take place this year at Felixstowe on March 23rd and 24th, and will be played under the same conditions as last year. Full particulars will be published shortly.

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

D. C. L. Townsend

Of Winchester and New College, Oxford, who is touring the West Indies with the M.C.C. team. He is a son of "C. L.", who played for England in 1899

IT is a curious thing that, not so very many days after I made mention of the need for goal-judges in big football, we should hear of a disputed goal in a Football Association Cup-tie. As you must know, there was quite a deal of bother over Luton Town's goal in their third-round match against Chelsea at Stamford Bridge.

To refresh your memories, I give the facts briefly: a Luton player took a corner-kick and the ball came to one of his team-mates, who shot rather weakly for goal. Jackson, the Chelsea and Scottish international goal-keeper, went down to the ball and missed it. Very slowly, the ball hit the foot of a post and dribbled either just along, or just over, the goal-line; in any case, it came back into play, only for the referee, who was right on the spot, to award a goal.

So there we are. Chelsea say that Luton did not score, and would seem to have a first-class witness in a news-reel film of the incident. Anyhow, that goal saved Luton from going out of the Cup at Stamford Bridge, and gave them the right to replay the tie on their own ground.

These disputes, of course, butter no parsnips—what the referee decides is final in "Soccer"—but they do, at least, serve as first-class propaganda for those of us who are agitating for goal-judges. Had there been an official right behind the Chelsea goal when Luton "scored," there would to-day be no arguments about the incident.

However, there it is. Changes are made slowly in "Soccer," but I feel that before many years are gone we shall certainly get goal-judges—but not the cumbersome two-referee system, by a very long chalk!

While I am writing of the Cup, I must make mention of Aston Villa's surprising defeat at the hands of Bradford City, the Second Division side. That upset for the Villa is a fitting answer to all those so-called purists who decry professional football as being a game in which the clubs with the big money always have a terrific pull over the little fellow.

Now, in that Cup-tie the Villa were playing their £11,000 centre-half, Allen. Indeed, the Birmingham club have spent a king's ransom on acquiring first-class players. Yet money is not enough: football success is built on team-work—and team-work such as Bradford City produced will always triumph over opponents containing brilliant individual players not attuned to one another's methods.

Losers of a Title

G. P. Hughes, with his partner, Fred Perry, in the background, who lost the Championship Doubles of Australia (which they captured last year) to J. H. Crawford and V. B. McGrath by 6—4, 8—6, 6—2

WELL, I'm still tipping Sunderland as a likely team for Wembley, but before the big "Soccer" clash at the North London stadium we are to have another sort of final—the world's table-tennis championship duel. Until quite recently, I was mildly amused at the earnestness of table-tennis "fans," remembering how, in the dim and distant days, we used to play ping-pong. And ping-pong was not much of a game! Indeed, I recall very acutely those wild scrambles under the settee after that devilish celluloid ball, which, seemingly beset with original sin, would persist in tucking itself up in awkward corners.

As a game for dispersing adipose tissue, ping-pong was splendid. But as a sport calling for serious training . . . well, I didn't believe it. And then someone asked me to go along and see young Victor Barna, the Hungarian and world's champion, in action. I changed my tune in ten minutes; really, I have seen few sports to equal the speed of table-tennis.

Believe me, the way these "stars" play is a revelation. That little white ball flashes across the net at lightning speed; you get wonderful "smashes"; there are magical back-hand strokes—and for concentrated thrills, lawn tennis is left a long way down the course.

They tell me, too, that the Wembley sports arena will house something like 12,000 spectators to see the world's championship finals next month. I can well believe it, for table-tennis such as I saw is worth going a very long way to see.

BY the way, our own Fred Perry was once a world's champion at the game, and, I am told, could give his friends nineteen points or so in twenty-one. Which shows just how good was Perry. Just now, of course, the Wimbledon champion has forsaken the game for the wider fields of international lawn tennis, and, if we are to judge by his recent defeat at the hands of Jack Crawford, must be slightly perturbed at the turn of events.

I prepared you for Perry's recent failures, for I know well how the strain of big tennis takes its toll on the "stars." However, let's hope that the British champion will now take a pretty long rest from the game.

As you know, Perry is returning to England by way of Hollywood, and unless I am very much mistaken, he will seriously consider film offers which are likely to come

(*Continued on page* ii)

Kilkenny Hounds at Flood Hall

Mr. E. Lambton and Miss Yvonne Medlycott are on a visit from England to Major Dermot and Lady Helen McCalmont, and are hunting with the Kilkenny Hounds. Mr. Lambton's father trains for Major McCalmont

The Coveted President's Putter

Roger Wethered Wins at Rye

Below: H. M. Bray and Rex Hartley. The latter won at the nineteenth

Bernard Darwin

A past winner, seen holding the President's Putter, which has a permanent home at Rye

First Round Foes

C. J. H. Tolley watching Sir Harold Gillies drive from the ninth. Tolley won the match by two holes

K. A. S. Morrice and L. G. Crawley. They met in the first round and the former won by 3 and 2

Above: A. A. Duncan with H. J. T. Neilson, a first-round opponent. The former won 7 and 5

H. C. Neilson with R. H. McGill, whom he beat 2 and 1 in the first round

R. H. Wethered

Right: R. H. Wethered, the winner, who regained his driving power, thanks to a new weapon fitted with a whippy shaft. He beat A. J. Evans in the final by 2 and 1

Rugby Clubs at Home: Bristol, at the Memorial Ground

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

P. S. Patten

T. J. Barrington, skipper

A. T. Payne

'Gaffer" Jones

"Spud" Murphy

G. G. Babbage, hon. treas.

A. J. Owens Britton, hon. sec.

E. S. Bostock-Smith, chairman

"Hobby": M. S. Hobbs

Harry Sherman

Ken Kinnersley

"Lusty" Evans

R. R. Morris

LONDON NIGHTS

Dance, Dinner and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Carlton

THINGS are beginning to wake up again in the restaurants after the lull that Christmas always leaves behind it. Some of the earlier winter sport migrants are returning, and the tide of hunt balls is receding. Captain Frank Covell, whose ingenuity easily keeps pace with the Carlton habit of putting on a new cabaret each week, has been hunting, but not the fox. He looks anywhere between Vienna and the Mile End Road for the unhackneyed turn. His journeyings have given him plenty of ideas, and he and the directors have got a plan which, if it comes off, will give the sophisticated night-birds something to talk about.

In the meantime, Rudy Grasl, "the surprising young man from Vienna," is due to appear to-night. He was booked for last Tuesday, but a high temperature kept him in Vienna after his train was due to leave. His surprises lie in the way he plays the piano and does things that sound like a whole jazz band. There is also talk of Hildegarde, the blonde American "lovely" from Paris, coming back later on.

Cabaret at the Carlton

The two Jovers, a couple of amusing French clowns, deputised at the Carlton last week for Rudy Grasl of Vienna, who couldn't appear, but is expected to-night instead

With Frank Covell and his co-Captain, Tommy Graves, as the poles about which the Carlton Tuesdays revolve, the familiars include every sort of goer-out: people who hunt and race, members of Nash's and Punch's, visiting celebrities (if that's the word), like Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez, and a very fair sprinkling of indigenous stage and screen dignitaries. Reginald Gardner was there the other night, looking so like himself making train noises that it was quite a disappointment to remember he has rather given that sort of thing up for the moment.

The Crane Twins at the Dorchester

This isn't the result of too much champagne, it's the blonde Crane Twins, whose dances are pretty well synchronised, even for twins. Theirs is a turn in the new cabaret at the Dorchester

The Dorchester

HERE is an indication of the way cabaret fashions are going. "Les Girls" have vanished, though the eight stars who do "an Hawaiian whimsy," put up a very fair imitation of a full beauty chorus. But that's the only turn of its kind. Everybody in the cast of this semi-intimate and very New York-ish revue is new to London except Naunton Wayne; and his English compèreing makes the best of foils.

Diana Ward is the best crooner that's been heard here in months; she has a low voice that's husky at the right

Clever Hostesses are *learning*

AN exquisite coffee is the crowning point of a well-chosen dinner, and the successful hostess must choose her coffee with the same care and thought as she chooses the wines and liqueurs in her cellar.

Over 300 years ago coffee was first brought to Vienna from the East, and Blue Danube "Viennese Coffee" is blended and roasted according to the old tradition that has been preserved there from that day to this. Clever hostesses are learning that it adds distinction to their table to serve the favourite coffee of Imperial Vienna.

Blue Danube "Viennese Coffee" can be obtained from all the leading Grocers, including THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES, FORTNUM AND MASON, HARRODS, ROBERT JACKSON, SELFRIDGES, WHITELEYS, etc.

BLUE DANUBE "Viennese Coffee"

"Cream of America's Supper-time Entertainment"
at "EVENING NEWS," JAN. 9th
The Dorchester
PARK LANE, W.1. Mayfair 8888
"MIDNIGHT FOLLIES"
ARRANGED AND PRODUCED BY
CLIFFORD WHITLEY
In conjunction with
N. T GRANLUND
of the Paradise Club, New York
SPRING (1935) EDITION
A SHORT INTIMATE REVUE
WITH
NAUNTON WAYNE
•
BETTY JANE COOPER
AND THE
LATHROP BROTHERS
•
THE CRANE TWINS
•
VITCH
•
DIANA WARD
•
"THE GOLDEN GIRL"
ETC., ETC.
JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND
"The best yet—"
"DAILY SKETCH," JAN. 9th
•
OWING TO THE HEAVY DEMAND
IT IS ADVISABLE TO
RESERVE YOUR TABLES EARLY
•
MANAGING DIRECTOR . . . . . FRANCIS TOWLE

moments, and sings "As You Desire Me" not only as if she meant it, but so that all her listeners think they know just what giving up everything for love means.

Vitch ("That's his real name; he's the son of a Vitch") has a Chaplinesque melancholy that goes well with his miming, which is clever. Betty Jane Cooper and the Lathrop Brothers have, believe it or not, worked out something new in the way of tap-dancing, and theirs is, as one might expect in an English restaurant, the most popular turn. "No, No, A Thousand Times No!", plus a magic-lantern, a heroine, a villain (Naunton Wayne), and a hero (Jack Jackson), is good fun. Incidentally, Jack Jackson plays extremely good music to dance to.

Altogether, the show is a good one, and not too long, which cabaret producers sometimes forget is a possible fault.

Grosvenor House

FURTHER up Park Lane there is another new grand-scale cabaret. Unfortunately, the first night coincides with press-day, but the dress rehearsal reports are good.

The Monte Carlo Follies, in the shape of song, dance, and sex-appeal girls, are still with us. But most of them are trying their luck in London for the first time; Felix Ferry has been on another voyage of discovery to America. Betty Sundmark, best known of all of them, is still here, and one or two more of the girls from the last show.

The new turns include Gomez and Winona, ball-room dancers from the Ziegfeld Follies, and as polished in execution as one would expect; Val and Stuart, another pair of dancers, but of the sort always described as "eccentric"; and the Arnaut Brothers, who crack their jokes by whistling. Some of the jokes wouldn't pass the Watch Committee, so they are probably wise.

The Bon Viveur

THE habit of dining late grows; if we go on this way, hungry people will have to take to high tea, to fill the gap between lunch and dinner. The Bon Viveur rather encourages this vice—late dining, that is, not high tea, though no doubt that would also be encouraged if it became a fashion. The annexe of a full-dress restaurant is all right in its way when one is not changed, but that sort of place is usually too full or too empty or too noisy for dinner-accompanying conversation. Here one can walk in in tweeds (or a

Dancing Stars at Grosvenor House

Gomez and Winona, from the Ziegfeld Follies, are the ball-room dancers who appear in the new midnight show at Grosvenor House—the 1935 Monte Carlo Follies

At the Bon Viveur

A dinner-time sketch by Molly Bishop of the Bon Viveur Club, showing the kiosk cash-desk, and the little gallery where the band of four is snugly tucked away

tail-coat) at any hour and settle down as if it was just eight-thirty.

Otherwise, the reason for coming here is, as usual, the food. The Marquis de Casa Maury, who is here more often than most people, eats moules marinières not infrequently. Greta Nissen, who comes in with Lord Chichester every now and then, knows about Vienna steak, and so does Lea Seidl—well, she would, being Viennese. Incidentally, the Bon Viveur beef has an unsullied reputation. Captain Michael de Tchthatcheff (a difficult name for English spellers), who is a great connoisseur of food, lunches and dines here regularly, and usually chooses Italian dishes.

Rather surprisingly, the club is becoming a chosen place for wedding parties. After the Moray-Buller wedding the other day, there was a big gathering round an appropriately decorated table. And Davico provided a nice heartening lunch for some of the principals when Rosemary Schweder got married. The band plays at lunch now, which would have been a help.

Villa Rodet

RINALDO GATTONI is now in charge here; after some years' absence from London, he returns to the atmosphere which is, by inheritance, his. His father was manager of the Savoy for nineteen years (the late Luigi, of the Embassy, got his training under Gattoni, Senior), and the son was at school in England before he started his varied career. At fifteen he found himself catering for 2000 people in a munition factory, where he was working as an electrician; he speaks eight languages, has a turn for inventing, and knows the restaurateur's business from many angles.

The Villa Rodet's Russian dishes are steadily increasing their "fans," "Chaslick" being, perhaps, the star of the menu. Its main ingredient is lamb, grilled on the point of a sword; when that 's ready, the chef leads into the restaurant a procession of minions, each bearing a sword with the meat still

Rinaldo Gattoni

The new manager of the Villa Rodet, son of a famous restaurateur father, cheerful and sturdy. He might almost be an ex-footballer, but his hobby, actually, is electricity

Tuesday nights at the

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and Exclusive Cabaret

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Jermyn Street, St. James's.

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Extension TUESDAYS till 2 a.m.
THEODOR GUITTER and his Gypsy Orchestra
Meet your friends in the Rodet Bar
Manager: Rinaldo Gattoni Regent 2371

Café de la Paix *Regent 2939.*
and Windsor Grill *Regent 1380.*
99-101, Regent Street (Entrance in Swallow Street).
LUNCHEON 3/6
THEATRE DINNER
served nightly from 6.30 to 8.30 p.m. in the
RESTAURANT 5/- GRILL ROOM 4/6
SUPPER DANCE CABARET 8/6
RONALD FRANKAU—The Ace of Humorists
CLIVE ERARD and his Band. Orchestra plays during Dinner
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W. A. STEWARD, Managing Director.

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Statement of Accounts, December 31st, 1934

LIABILITIES	£
Paid-up Capital	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	11,500,000
Current, Deposit and other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	420,793,245
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	9,746,914
Engagements	6,242,724
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	39,129,856
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	14,840,427
Money at Call and Short Notice	27,126,232
Investments at or under Market Value	118,490,133
Bills Discounted	18,505,695
British Treasury Bills and Treasury Bonds due within four months	46,014,724
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	163,815,240
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	15,989,638
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	9,421,642
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	1,024,565
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	750,000
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of	
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,639,051
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,997,933
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,380,544
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	405,215

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HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C. 2

There's Health and Vitality in the OXO Habit

18/35

impaled, all very military, and then, to the accompaniment of soft gipsy music (kindly supplied by Theodor Guitter), the chef releases the lamb and turns it into "Chaslick" by adding various delicacies and sauces. The whole thing, done in this style, causes a great stir, and the curious onlookers generally return next day and try it for themselves. And there is nothing like Russian food for turning itself from a curiosity into an acquired taste.

W. A. Steward

Now the managing director of the Café de la Paix, late of Romano's. He is the business, publicity, and cabaret expert, and is full of enthusiasm

The Café de la Paix

THE CAFÉ DE LA PAIX, which stands where the Indian Restaurant stood, has continued its predecessor's tradition of serving the best curries in London. There are two Indian chefs, from the famous Taj Mahal in Bombay, to make the various kinds of curry, which include one mild enough to suit the most tender English palate. The Indian waiter who serves the curries has a well-known face; he performed the same duties at the Indian restaurant, and has served most of the rajahs and potentates who visit London, either in the restaurant or in their own apartments by special summons. American and Continental explorers of London know the Café de la Paix curries well.

Ronald Frankau is completing a four-weeks' cabaret engagement; he is always a success, since the "terribly public school" style of mockery is a perennial favourite. Clive Erard now has a band in the grill as well as the restaurant. He played at Sovrani's in its hey-day, and gets a nice rhythm.

The foyer exhibitions of pictures are being continued, which gives the unknown and generally struggling young artists who are chosen to show their stuff a marvellous chance. There is a new batch of pictures up on the wall at the moment, if anyone wants to take a hand in discovering a possible "Old Master" of the future.

E. L.

le bon vivant

shepherd market, mayfair

direction
v. davico

la cuisine par excellence

Left: J. D. Ronald, the Harlequin back, being tackled during the match against Blackheath on the Rectory Field, and won by the visitors by 18 points to 16

Below: A. Key (scrum-half for the Old Cranleighans) and Lieut. Sewell (Aldershot Services forward), the respective captains of their sides in the match won by the Old Boys' side at Thames Ditton by 25 points to 12

The Harlequins Achieving the Double Against Blackheath

Rival Captains

John Radnor on "Rugger"

Scotland's Hopes

By the time this letter from an itinerant spectator has emerged from the periodical post, England and Wales will have opened the international tournament, the laurel-leaves will have been adjusted on more or less deserving brows, and the inquests into failures will have opened.

The Scottish team to play at Cardiff on February 2nd meanwhile awaits a pre-match inspection. A little of the grimness that still keeps the Scottish Higher Command on Olympus has gone, but the moving finger of the journalist, having writ, moves on rather more hurriedly and furtively than after criticisms of the genial English Selectors and their Welsh equivalents. It would be a bold man who dared to continue this shameless parody of Old Khayyam and boast that no amount of piety and wit would lure the typing finger back to cancel half a line of it.

The picking of Big Match teams in a light-hearted and unofficial manner always has been a popular pursuit, and Heaven forbid that Selectors ever should turn and rend their hunters with awkward questions. Yet the mental processes of some Selectors are not easy to follow, and in the case of Scotland there always is the suspicion that newspaper praise spells damnation in the committee-room, or lounge, or wherever the great men come to their decisions.

R. W. Shaw, of Glasgow High School Former Pupils, as his club properly should be called—how odd the last two words sound to Englishmen accustomed to "Old Boys"—provides a case in point. On Barbarian form extending over two seasons—and what could be better?—Shaw, partnered by Logan, is the best stand-off half in the four countries, Cliff Jones not excepted. His fine hands, quickness off the mark, and quite exceptional speed for a mid-field back, not forgetting, too, his pluck, greatly impressed the Welshmen during the Easter tour and, as everyone knows, turned the scales in the Barbarian games with Blackheath and Leicester this last Christmas.

Shaw already has played for Scotland, but as a wing, which position clearly did not suit him. If one remembers aright, he was far from a success there last season. Now a step in the right direction has been taken, and he appears as a centre. Let us all hope that he will be neither too much of a success nor a complete failure there—his true position is on that critical spot some few yards nearer to the scrummage.

Five of the seven backs are Anglo-Scots and, with the odd exception of the big, burly Brown at full-back, either Blues or former Blues. Brown's record in Big Rugby is a queer one. Like others, he missed a Blue, but gained an International cap. Then, last season, he was picked each time for Scotland, but failed to turn out once. This season he has passed the Selectors again without appearing in the final trial, yet I am wondering if strange Chance will lead to more caps for K. W. Marshall, who apparently still is Brown's chief understudy. Of the rest, Johnston, very fast but not so clever, and Fyfe, now a first-class footballer but not really fast, are the wings, and Dick, who has little or no club form to commend him, the other centre. No doubt the Scotsmen have in mind the claims of Dick last season to be the Scottish Cranmer. Lind, now a London Scot, has been dropped for the moment—a grand little fellow to watch, whether streaking his way through a defence or reminding everybody that he could be almost equally good at "Soccer," his individualism always was a bit of a trial. And though, personally, I would have liked Shaw in the stand-off position, I also cannot pretend to surprise over the appointment of Grieve. The latter may well establish a record by playing at full-back for Oxford and at stand-off half for his country in the same season.

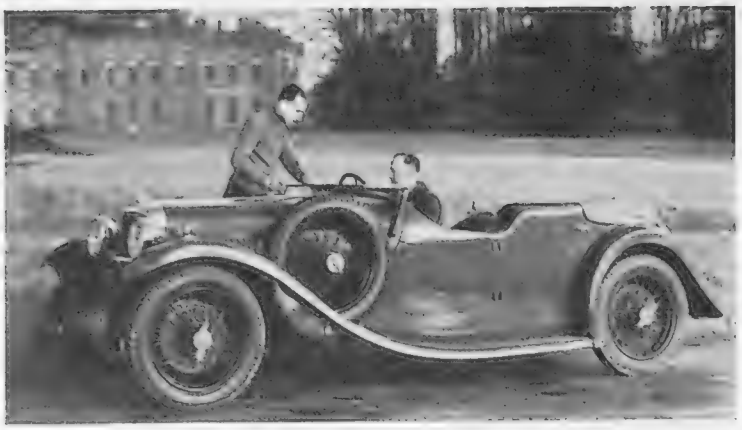
There is another Grieve, R. M. Grieve, of Kelso, among the forwards, while it is a matter for pleasure that R. O. Murray, of Cambridge, who missed a cap last year through injury and only got into the University side last term by the skin of his teeth, has been offered another chance. For the rest, one observes that the great Beattie, for all his dislocated shoulder, is there, and so is another forward of the first magnitude in Waters.

With Scotland still in one's mind, it seems the right thing to hark back to the triumph of the Scottish schoolboys at Richmond, briefly referred to last week. Apart from the fierce and efficient forward play and the pace of the backs, the thing that stood out most was the amazing all-round competence of Milne at scrummage-half. If he had had three seasons of club experience, Milne hardly could have looked the part better. "He must be thirty," was one comment. "I hear that he's really English," was another remark, rather more hopeful, and followed, so it is said, by an immediate offer of membership by a famous club—not Scottish. I, for one, shall follow Milne's Rugby career with interest.

The return match between Blackheath and the Harlequins may or may not have pleased the assembled Selectors—who passed over the men supposed to be under observation and plumped for A. G. Cridlan, a brilliantly fast but rather small back-row forward—and it shook the home crowd to its "uppers" in the closing minutes, but it was a thrilling struggle to watch. The strong wind and the cold may have helped the spoilers to spoil the passing, but the rushes and the grapple up in front showed that the club spirit is far from dead.

And then there were the three dropped goals—all clever, two of them Blackheath, but the other, the winning effort, by the Harlequin, Howorth—and Chapman's two penalty goals that, each time, saved his side from falling too far behind. It said something for all five efforts that no one complained that kicks never ought to outbalance tries. At any rate, the story of the match was fit for a schoolboys' magazine—if one eliminated, perhaps, the overnumerous penalty decisions—and the Harlequin victory in the last few minutes at the very least was the reward of trying.

One of the two Harlequin tries, moreover, was a real footballer's try, a rare thing in these chaotic and incoherent, if swift, times. Howorth effected the break-through, but there would have been no try if Hudson had not spotted the close marking of the wing man and dashed up to take a short pass. This was just the kind of try that makes players think and does the game good.



The new Alvis "Firebird" Sports Model in the peaceful surroundings of Compton Verney, in the county of Warwickshire

Skidding—Then and Now

By The Earl of Cardigan

I SUPPOSE that as long as we have motor-cars we shall have skidding problems; but it is interesting to note how such problems alter, keeping pace with the various changes in motoring conditions. A skid to-day is quite a different thing to the skid which one was prepared to encounter ten years ago, and, with a few bad exceptions, the tendency of modern roads has been to minimise all forms of skidding. The influence of the modern car has been similar—although by no means identical.

If we compare the skidding proclivities of old and new cars, we see a rather curious contrast. Both will skid, if suitably provoked; but they will skid in quite different ways. The commonest reaction of the one type is the most uncommon with the other, and vice versa. Let us analyse this.

WHEN the roads were wet, a few years ago, it was a safe estimate to say that nine skids out of ten would be caused by sudden braking. The early four-wheel brakes were far from ideal, and, before that, rear-wheel braking was the order of the day. Personally, I used to get any number of braking skids, and soon learned to be prepared for something of the sort whenever it was necessary to pull up quickly on a wet surface.

Nowadays, a braking skid is a very rare thing indeed. It still remains a possibility; but a driver must needs be very clumsy and heavy-footed before such a thing can happen. When I test a car, however wet the roads may be, I always make at least one powerful application of the brakes. Admittedly, I use discretion in the matter—but the fact remains that not for years have I experienced a genuine skid as a result of my brake tests.

The most constant factor in skidding is undoubtedly the cornering skid. Cars used to skid, and they still do so, when taken round a bend at excessive speed. Such skidding, of course, is simply the result of bad driving. It is possible to make the best of cars skid on a corner—and it is equally possible to drive the most clumsy old "bus" for an indefinite distance without any such incident occurring.

One sees a big change, however, where the wheel-spinning skid is concerned. This used to be very rare; in fact, it was only with powerful sports cars that one used to anticipate anything of the sort. The ordinary car of a few years ago simply did not have sufficient power to indulge in it.

NOWADAYS, on the other hand, the wheel-spinning skid is the one which I find most common. Curious though it may seem, I now experience it less with genuine sports cars than with small "hot-stuff" saloon models. I attribute this mainly to the poor weight distribution or "balance" in cars of the latter type. Be the reason what it may, it is the car built for the ordinary motorist which at present seems most liable to wheel-spin and resultant skidding.

Motorists now buying new and more powerful cars should beware of this. If one changes "down" before rounding a corner, and then accelerates violently in the low gear during the period when the front wheels are locked over, it may be considered highly probable that the rear wheels will lose their grip. Wheel-spin will result, and the back of the car will skid outwards. If there is other traffic about, an awkward situation may develop.

TO regain control following this type of skid is, of course, quite a simple matter. It is merely necessary to cease accelerating—i.e., to remove the original cause of the wheel-spin—when the car will tend at once to resume its normal course. I am assuming that the front wheels are at all times turned to point in the required direction, irrespective of what the back wheels may be doing.

Sir Malcolm Prepares to Beat Himself

WITH characteristic thoroughness, Sir Malcolm Campbell is making final arrangements for his forthcoming attempt to beat his own land-speed record of 272 m.p.h. at Daytona, where he hopes to achieve a speed of 300 miles an hour—the goal of his ambition. Sir Malcolm is taking supplies of petrol with him to Daytona, and sealed drums of Pratts Ethyl are already on the way to America.

Mr. W. H. Thomas

Who has been appointed by Lord Nuffield General Manager of Wolseley Motors. For several years he was Director in charge of sales at Cowley, and more recently General Manager of Morris Commercial Cars, in Birmingham

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 174)

from the American "movie" kings. Perry has already made a film "for fun"—and a very good film it is, at that. By waiving the fat fee which would have come to him in the ordinary course of events, he thus preserved his amateur status, but I 'm thinking that next time he will be asking for a big contract.

Why not? The International Federation's absurd ruling that a tennis player can write articles but must not be allowed to make a film is strangely inconsistent. What is the difference? None at all, so far as most of us can see.

NOW to boxing. Straightway, Jack Petersen's name looms up. The young British champion is now preparing strenuously for his forthcoming bout with Walter Neusel, the German heavy-weight, in London next month. We can expect to see the old, quicksilver Petersen again in action, for the champion is wise enough to realise that his ca' canny policy in the contest with George Cook did his stock no good.

Petersen is determined to show the public that he is not "just another British champion." Let us hope he does so, for an unimpressive display against Neusel, whose form in his recent bout with Len Harvey was strangely disappointing, will do him infinitely more harm than his failure to knock out Cook.

As for Neusel, the German has quite a lot of superfluous flesh to get off before the fight Indeed, there is a forfeit of £250 dangling over his head if he weighs-in at an ounce over 14 st. 2 lb. Neusel, now training at Windsor, is working hammer-and-tongs to reduce, and, so I hear, is succeeding.

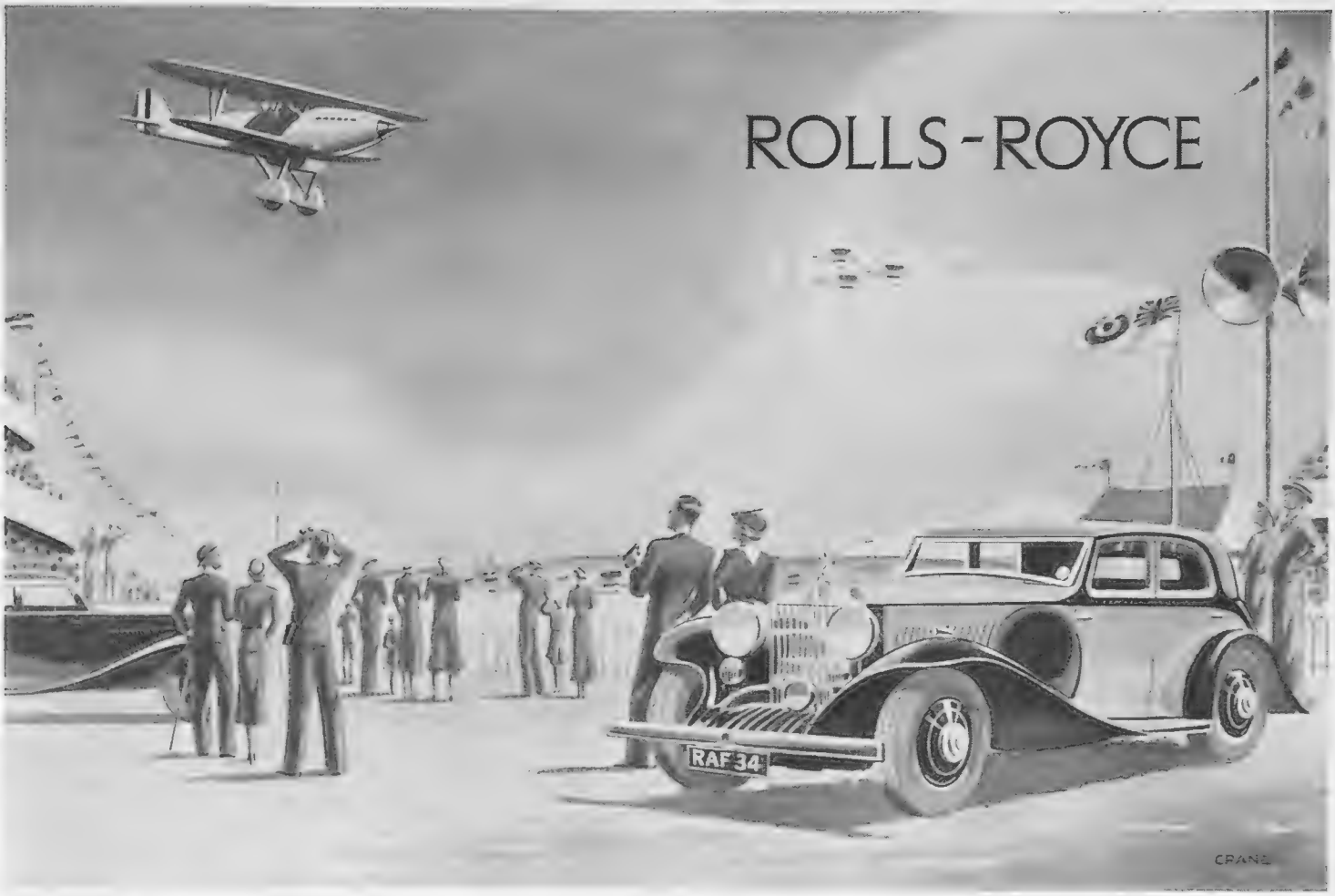
If he is fighting fit and can reproduce the form which for a time put him in line for a world's championship contest, Neusel should provide Petersen with his greatest test so far. But whatever display Neusel puts up, I feel that the British boxer will be a shade too good for him.

TALKING of fights, there was a grand "battle" going on at Twickenham last Saturday. By now, of course, the smoke of battle has cleared off and we know just how the Welsh team's gamble in recalling W. C. Powell succeeded.

I am not going to comment on the match, except to say how struck I was by the specialisation of the Welsh pack. This idea of specialisation is a fetish in Wales; but is it doing Rugby any good? I think not. What we want to get back to in "Rugger" is good, solid scrummaging—with every man shoving his weight.

Still, it would seem that even our schools are becoming slaves of the machine. For instance, an old International—a great forward in his day—told me recently, with horror in his voice, how a youngster home for the holidays was discussing his school fifteen. "I 'm 'lock,' y'know, in the scrum," he said, quite casually.

Well, what can you say about it? Here is a youngster who should be taught that first-up-first-down is the way to go about things, getting it drilled into his head that he is a specialist. The games-master at that boy's school is a menace to the future of Rugby—and the pity of it is he obviously thinks he is teaching forward-play as it should be done.



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Vice-Chairman: F. P. Whitbread, Esq.

What's On

(Continued from page A)

OPERA AND BALLET

At Sadler's Wells:

Le Lac des Cygnes: to-night, 8.30.

The Magic Flute: January 23rd, 8.

Lohengrin: January 24th, 7.45.

The Barber of Seville: January 25th, 8.

The Magic Flute: January 26th, 2.30.

Faust: January 26th, 8.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Albert Coates conducts, Huberman is soloist; Borodin's Second Symphony, Tchaikowsky's Violin Concerto in D, Yuri Shaporin's Symphony in C minor will be played: Queen's Hall, January 23rd, 8.30.

L.S.O.—Hans Weisbach conducts Bach's "Die Kunst der Fugue": Queen's Hall, January 28th, 8.15.

Recitals

Leonard Isaacs.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

Friedrich Wührer.—First of three Brahms' recitals: Aeolian Hall, January 23rd, 8.15.

Victor Babin.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, January 24th, 8.15.

Dira Alexanian.—'Cello recital: Aeolian Hall, January 25th, 8.30.

David Ffrangçon-Thomas.—'Cello recital: Wigmore Hall, January 25th, 8.30.

Murray Lambert.—Violin recital: Wigmore Hall, January 26th, 3.

Kreisler: Albert Hall, January 27th, 3.

Gerhard Husch.—London Lieder concert: Hyde Park Hotel, January 27th, 9.

CIRCUS

Bertram Mills' Circus: Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30, to January 24th.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

Blue Train.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

Café Anglais.—Carl Hyson's Follies of 1935; Louis Simmonds's band, and Java and his Tzigane orchestra: extension, Friday.

Café de la Paix.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant and the grill: Ronald Frankau appears at midnight.

Café de Paris.—The Gold-Dust Twins do a boxing act; Jack Harris and his band play: extension, Wednesday.

Carlton.—Dancing on Tuesdays; special band and cabaret, and extension.

Dorchester.—Midnight Follies. Spring Edition of 1935, is a short revue, with new turns from New York; Jack Jackson plays good dance music: extension. Thursday.

Grosvenor House.—The new Monte Carlo Follies are here; the turns include Gomez and Winona, and the Arnaut Brothers: extension. Thursday.

San Marco.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret: extension night. Wednesday.

Theatre Restaurant.—Small, but excellent; a good chef and a good cellar; Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's, is in charge (opposite Tivoli).

Villa Rodet.—The place for Russian food; music by Theodor Guitter's band: extension night, Tuesday.

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The Editor's Box

Some Hardy Annuals: Whitaker

Among the yearly handbooks, none is more sure of a warm welcome than the invaluable *Whitaker*, or, to give the annual its full title, *Whitaker's Almanack*, which is now in its sixty-seventh year, but gives no sign of senile decay. On the contrary.

Whitaker is published in two editions. There is the well-known orange paper-covered volume of 704 pages at 3s. net, or the red-and-green cloth cover of 1000 pages at 6s. net.

The mass of information contained in this almanack is really astounding, and a glance through the index, which ranges from the A.A.A. Championships to the Zyrian Province, now reveals that fresh features have been introduced this year, including tables showing the trend of prices, production and industry in the principal countries of the world, and the distribution of trade in the British Empire. Nothing, indeed, seems to escape the eagle eye of Mr. Whitaker, and the popularity of cruising has caused space to be given for statistics relative to this new form of holiday-making.

Clubs

The 1935 edition of *Clubs*—just that and nothing more—edited by E. C. Austen-Leigh, M.A., is another hardy and welcome annual, published by Spottiswoode, Ballantyne and Co., Ltd., New Street Square, E.C.4. In this, its forty-third, edition, particulars of 3950 clubs are given, embracing those in London and the provinces, and also in the British Empire overseas. In addition to these there is a list of clubs in Europe (frequented by the English), as well as those in Asia, Africa and America—an all-embracing list. The price of the volume is 7s. 6d.

Royal Blue Book

This book of reference is over a hundred years old, and a century of publication proves that it fills a want. In it can be found the names and addresses of the occupiers of better-class houses in an area which may be indicated as bounded by Hampstead on the north, Chelsea on the south, Bloomsbury on the east, and West Kensington on the west. An admirably clear map of the western districts is included in the volume, which is published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., at 7s. 6d.

The Rugby Football Annual

This book is now in its eighteenth edition, and is under the editorship of O. L. Owen. It is one which should be in the hands of every lover of Rugby football, for it is an exhaustive—but by no means exhausting—book of reference for followers of the game. Many of the reference tables, such as the list of Old Blues and International players will be found to settle disputes or recall memories. There are articles on the International Championships and the Clubs, List of Fixtures, the Laws (too little studied by players and spectators), Obituary and Rugby history in brief. Unconscious humour is provided by a newspaper advertisement showing a goalkeeper doing his damndest at Association football! Published by Sporting Handbooks, Ltd., 23, Fleet Street, E.C.4, at 2s. net.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JANUARY

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Let the care of your face be included in your New Year resolutions, and remember that ten minutes a day is better than a strenuous hour once a week. The road to Beauty is paved by regular treatment in which the skin is cleansed, toned and nourished

Modern Aids to Beauty

New Year Resolutions

THE custom of making New Year resolutions is very general, but people are inclined to think that it is their duty to concentrate on the inner man or woman, and forget the saying "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Surely a lovely face gives almost as much pleasure to the world at large as a carefully studied unselfishness? It is obvious, therefore, that every woman should determine to retain and enhance her beauty, and the first step to this is a lovely complexion.

The Care of the Skin

THE care of the skin has become a science in itself, and it is generally agreed by all eminent Beauty Specialists that cleanliness is the foundation upon which to build. A cleansing cream should be used every night for removing the dust and dirt which has accumulated. Soap and water is not sufficient as it does not penetrate the pores of the skin, and is also liable to have a coarsening effect. The next thing is to see that the skin is properly nourished. An older woman can do much to prolong her youth by gentle massaging with a reliable skin food. This will tone up the tissues and strengthen the muscles, thus enabling them to do their work in preventing the face from sagging. Special attention should be paid to the jaw-line, where a double chin will frequently appear. The neck and shoulders should also be treated.

Foundation Cream

THERE is the question of an astringent for closing the pores, and a foundation cream as a preliminary to powder. A safe rule is never to use anything strong, nor to go in for extremes. Cold water is a safe astringent so long as it is not too hard, and by the way, never wash the face in very hot water followed by a cold douche. With regard to a foundation cream, there are many excellent preparations to be had, including a three-in-one cream which not only causes the powder to cling evenly, but also cleanses and nourishes the skin.

In matters of make-up, women so often lose all sense of proportion. As time goes on, they apply more and more rouge combined with an unnaturally vivid lipstick. The vogue for a pale alabaster appearance, however, is rapidly growing in favour, and it is certainly far more becoming, especially to the older woman. Everyone should remember when making up that daylight and electric light produce two totally different effects. Make-up of any kind, always looks harder by day, and should consequently be used more sparingly. A little vaseline applied to the eyelids and eyelashes is very flattering by night, as it makes the eyes sparkle. There is also the question of the right shade of powder to be used. Many women wishing for a fair skin use powder which is too white. This is very unbecoming on a cold day, as it produces a blue effect. A dark or medium rachel gives a warmer look and is greatly to be recommended.

Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Tuesday, January 22, 1935.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies as Elizabeth Barrett, Scott Sunderland as Browning, Wilfred Lawson as Mr. Barrett, in this revival: Piccadilly.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife, in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Last weeks.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Michael Egan's amusing play from the Embassy, with Diana Churchill and Richard Bird as the argumentative young couple, plus Henry Hewitt and Ellen Pollock: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI.—Joyce Bland, John Laurie, Roy Graham, are in the cast of Webster's horrific tragedy, from which some of the horror seems missing: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EDEN END.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine; Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.20. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HAMLET.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet. George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.15.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play is on again, the cast including Louise Hampton, Maisie Darrell, Fabia Drake, Aubrey Dexter, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY READ.—Flora Robson as the eighteenth-century woman buccaneer, and Robert Donat as her adoring, rattled husband, in a swinging play in the romantic style: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—An Irish play with much talk, dramatic action that makes it a play and no sermon; excellent humour, and a good cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OTHELLO.—Mary Newcombe, Maurice Evans, Abraham Sofaer in the Old Vic production: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PAGANINI.—Ernest Milton as the violinist who was reputed to be in league with the Devil; Andrew Leigh as his manager and familiar, George Harrys; Laurier Lister as Chopin: Whitehall. Matinées, January 25th, 29th.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrienne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette play made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Robert Douglas in Laurence Olivier's part; the theme is grease-paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Aileen Marson has taken Celia Johnson's part as heroine: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

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THE BING BOYS ARE HERE.—George Robey and Violet Loraine in their original parts, with Rebla as the other Bing Boy; new jokes and songs and all the old favourites: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BLACKBIRDS OF 1935.—More and more and faster and faster dancing; Valaida and the 1934 stars are there, plus Kahloah, a newcomer: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

CINDERELLA.—June as Cinderella, Phyllis Neilson-Terry Billy Danvers, Clarice Hardwicke, and the Three Sailors are some of the pantomime cast: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

DICK WHITTINGTON.—George Jackley, Naughton and Gold, Elsie Prince, and Audrey Ackland are the stars: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!—Greta Nissen, Douglas Byng, and Reginald Gardner in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—A lively musical comedy, in which the four stars, Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe, Louise Browne, and John Mills blow their bubbles gaily: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LUCKY BREAK.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 54.—Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, and Edna Thompson, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

SPORTING LOVE.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30.

HALF A CROWN.—The hero is Sydney Howard, sometimes grocer and sometimes Ruritanian King, and he gives some grand laughs; Eliot Makeham, Malcolm Keen, and Eileen Peel are in the cast: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist; Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him, and was murdered; Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—Bernard Lee as the hero of this most successful of crook plays, which has run for over two years: Phœnix, 8.30. Wed., Thurs, Sat., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—The play its audiences almost know by heart: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO. Dumas's story grandly filmed, with Robert Donat and Elissa Landi: Marble Arch Pavilion.

DESIRABLE.—Jean Muir, the new star, has had this story specially written for her; George Brent plays opposite: Regal.

DIRTY WORK.—Ralph Lynn, Gordon Harker, and Robertson Hare as jewel-thieves in Ben Travers's farce; Lilian Bond supplies the feminine interest: New Gallery.

FORGOTTEN MEN.—The film of actual war-pictures: Rialto.

THE GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dance and sing in this gay and amusing musical-comedy: Carlton.

HERE IS MY HEART.—Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle, "the singing sweethearts," have some new numbers: Plaza.

THE MAN WITH TWO FACES.—Edward G. Robinson in a thriller with a murder to be unravelled; Mary Astor is the girl: Capitol.

MASKERADE.—Vienna in 1905; the heroine is Paula Wessely; Willy Forst ("Unfinished Symphony") is the director: Academy.

THE MIGHTY BARNUM.—Wallace Beery makes a perfect Barnum, Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, and Rochelle Hudson are in the cast: London Pavilion.

OVER THE RIVER.—Diana Wynyard, Frank Lawton, Colin Clive, are worth seeing in an American film directed by James Whale, of Galsworthy's novel: Empire.

REMOUS.—Jeanne Boitel and Jean Galland as a young couple whose married life is made tragic by a motor accident; well directed and photographed: Curzon. FAREWELL, the Chopin film, follows the run of REMOUS.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney, Merle Oberon as Lady Blakeney, Raymond Massey as Chauvelin; a fine holiday film: Leicester Square Theatre.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.—Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy in a comedy of horse-racing: Tivoli.

EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH INDUSTRIAL ART: Burlington House.

PASTEL SOCIETY: Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly.

(*Continued on page* iii)

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GETTING MARRIED: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Marise Marland

R. C. Sykes

● *Marise Marland, only daughter of Harry Marland, J.P., managing director of E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., and Mrs. Marland, of Hale Carr, Cheshire, and Broomholm, Langholm, Dumfriesshire, is engaged to Reginald Charles Sykes, eldest son of Reginald J. Sykes, chairman of the London Press Exchange.* ● *Lettice Stafford-King-Harman, only child of the late Capt. Stafford-King-Harman and Mrs. Hales Pakenham Mahon, of Strokestown, Ireland, is marrying Humphrey Lomer, Grenadier Guards, son of Major and Mrs. Robert Lomer, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on January 29th.* ● *Ursula Frances Ware, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Ware, of Evelyn Gardens, is marrying Lewis Gilmour Whyte, son of Mr. and Mrs. Whyte, of Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, on January 26th.* ● *Pamela Bruce Knight, daughter of Captain C. M. Knight and Mrs. Broomfield Knight, is engaged to the Marquis de Rose, son of the late Marquis de Rose, Commander in the French Air Force*

Lettice King-Harman

Ursula Ware

Pamela Knight

JANUARY WEDDINGS . . .

Lawrie — Schweder

Left: Dr. J. Macpherson Lawrie, of 39, Harley Street, and Pamela Rosemary Schweder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Schweder, of Newnton Priory, Tetbury, Glos., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Right: Lieut.-Com. J. H. Ewart, R.N. (ret.), son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ewart, and Jean Thomas, daughter of the late D. Thomas, and Mrs. M. A. Bell, of Seymour Court, W.1, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Ewart —Thomas

JANUARY WEDDINGS—Continued

Nicholson — Allen

Lieut.-Com. J. B. Nicholson, R.N., son of the late Major and Mrs. T. Nicholson, of Armagh, and Adèle Allen, daughter of the late W. G. Allen, and Mrs. Allen, of Canford Cliffs, Bournemouth, leaving Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road, after their wedding

Green — Ranicar

Simon Green and Gladys Ranicar, eldest daughter of the late Arthur Ranicar, of Wigan, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Simon Green is the son of Lt.-Col. E. A. Lycett-Green, and of Señora d'Alvarez, and great-great-grandson of Edward Green, founder of the well-known Wakefield firm of that name

Dunlop — Elliott

Lieut. Frederick H. Dunlop, R.N., elder son of Colonel and Mrs. T. C. Dunlop, of Sauchrie, Maybole, Ayrshire, and Marjorie Eve Diana Elliott, only daughter of Com. Frank Elliott (ret.) and Mrs. Elliott, of Shaftesbury Road, Southsea, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

ENGAGED . . .

Jean Kirkpatrick

Is engaged to John A. S. Jackson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. S. Jackson, of Vina del Mar, Chile; is the only daughter of W. McC. Kirkpatrick, M.P., and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, of Wedderburn Road, N.W.3

Marjorie Burnett

Daughter of the late Sir Napier Burnett, and Lady Burnett, of Spindleston Mill, Northumberland; is marrying Charles Scott Cree, son of Mrs. C. D. Cree, of Sloane Avenue Mansions, in Uganda in February

Linda May Loftus

Daughter of Major J. E. Blake Loftus, of Mount Loftus, Kilkenny; is engaged to Reginald Segrave-Daly, son of the late Maurice Segrave-Daly, and Mrs. Segrave-Daly, of Barrows Drive, Los Angeles

Pamela Thompson

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Thompson, of Sidcup; is engaged to John Edward Blakeney, son of the late Canon Blakeney, of Sheffield and Bungay, and Mrs. Blakeney, and nephew of Sir Samuel Roberts, M.P.

Elizabeth Jones

Is engaged to Thomas Ellis Jones-Davis, M.R.C.S., ex-International and Cambridge "Rugger" player. Is the daughter of the late Dr. Hector Jones, of Maesteg; full names, Elizabeth Eleanor Nesta Jones

Ann de Montmorency

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. de Montmorency, of Mountmorres, Sunningdale, and is a well-known golfer. Her wedding to George Henry Carbutt is to take place on February 6th

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